Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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BRAINY "K. J."

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Three gent.'s white shirts, size 15½, 4-fold, cost 6s. 6d. each, brand new; bargain 8s. the lot.—Box 9255, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London E.C.

Fashionable grey summer overcoat, part lined silk, chest 38in., by Nichols, sacrifice 30s.—Box 9275, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

Keeper's velveteen coat and vest, in splendid condition, fit man up to 6ft, 25s., not half cost.—Box 9277, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1278.

EDUCATIONAL.

Business Encyclopædia, complete good condition, 35s. Offers entertained.—G. J. Trenow, Ivy Lodge, Epping.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College. London, W.C.

To Parents, Schoolmasters, Institute Secretaries, etc.—Quantity Educational and General books. Cheap. List on application. Box 9296, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Encyclopædia Britannica, complete with index, unsoiled, bound sheepskin, India paper, Cambridge University Press, last edition, with oak bookcase, accept £24, cash, or near offer, cost £36, bargain.—Box 9296, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1274.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1274.

MEDICAL, &c.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The right information at last. Bookmakers hopelesly beaten. A weekly income assured; no newspaper selections, but bona-fide information. I give proof, indisputable proof; send for free trial (no charge whatever) to Bernard, 19, Clifden Road, Clapton, London.

For sale, 15ft. greenheart salmon or grilse rod, by Cummins, 2 tops, condition as new, only once used, cost 35s., take £1.—Box 9283, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, half-size, slate bed, all accessories, including cue, stand, will accept £3 10s.—Box 9284, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Motor cycle, with forecar, 2 speed, powerful engines, tyres nearly new, £12.—Box 9279, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Genuine Royal Enfield light roadster, 24in., nearly new, guaranteed perfect, £4 cash; offers part exchange invited.—Box 9286, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargain, high-class gentleman's 3 speed cycle, equal new, Warwick tyres, latest, rim brakes, perfect machine; everything up to date; what offers.—Box 9289, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gun, .22 bore, safety bolt, extractor, by Winchester Repeating Co.—Box 9293, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's 24in. Chater Lea frame, 28 by 1⅜, Roman rims and spokes, Eadie coaster, Dunlop and Palmer Special, Renold, Crabbe front brake, fine condition, £4.—Box 9287, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Complete tennis set, fine condition, £2, sacrifice, posts, netting, racquets and cases, etc., owner going abroad.—Box 9291, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Reliable men wanted as agents for a paying concern in all seaside places for full or spare time. No outlay. Remuneration good to capable persons.—Fred Folkard, North St., Scarborough.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1276.

Would you like to draw for leading journals? If so, we can coach you by post, and also sell your work when efficient; stamp brings prospectus.—"Art," London House, West Houghton, Lancs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brand new centre seconds stop watch, just the watch for racing; approval, 6s. 6d.—Greenleaf, 10, Sea View, Aberavon.

Seventeen African spears, two knobkerries, offers.—Cates, 19, Richmond Avenue, Merton Park.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 48

English concertina, semi-baritone, keys, 5 fold bellows, very fine tone, by Keith Prowse, in case, £2 12s. 6d.—Box 9294, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Kodak for sale, Eastman's No. 2 Bull's-eye, special daylight loading films, 3½in. by 3½in., cost 3gs., accept £1 1s. cash.—Box 9282, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1277.

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a Modern Man *Fountain Pen will be sent.*

Ignorant Oriental Fanatics.

We on *Modern Man* are humanitarians to a degree; but it is just in this spirit of true humanitarianism that we note with extreme satisfaction the sentence meted out to the three Egyptian blackguards arrested for conspiring to assassinate the Khedive, the Premier, and last, but not least by any means, Lord Kitchener.

Two have been sentenced to undergo fifteen years' simple imprisonment, and the other, who was the prime plotter, will have to perform fifteen years hard labour.

It is only such heavy punishment as this that will make the ignorant Oriental fanatic realise that he must not dare raise a finger against the representative of Britain's Power.

* * *

Deserves to be Kicked.

If ever a man deserved to be kicked it is ex-Lieut. Alan Sutor. This unpleasant person, on being brought up recently at Bow Street for throwing a stone through the police station window, informed the magistrate that his "religious convictions" had cost his material ruin, and had lost him his wife and family. This former member of the British Army then added "There are many other soldiers whose wives and families have had to go to the workhouse, and mine must go the same way."

All we have to say is this: Mr. Sutor is now doing 21 days' imprisonment. Perhaps when he comes out he will throw a stone through the window of *Modern Man* office.

Then we shall have the keenest pleasure in kicking him and also throwing him over the Thames Embankment.

* * *

Awe-Inspiring Statistics.

There has been a loud shriek of horror in different newspaper organs all over the country as a result of the recent publication of the licensing statistics for England and Wales.

These show that last year convictions for drunkenness reached a total higher than any since 1908—to wit, an increase of 6.26 per cent. But why all this panic? To suppose that these figures prove that drunkenness is more widespread this year than ever is, on the face of it, absurd.

The figures mean only what they say; and that is that there have been more *convictions*. In other words, that the police are having pressure put on them by the authorities to obtain a bigger "bag" of charges per man. Consequently these awe-inspiring statistics need not be taken too seriously.

* * *

"Perks" of M.P.'s.

Members of Parliament have perquisites in addition to their screws. Of £9,000 annually spent in providing writing paper for the "House," £2,000 goes in pandering to the fads of individual members, some liking one sort and others another sort.

These "little differences" from the standard pattern mean an extra expenditure of £1,200 a year net, as £800 would pay for the same quantity of paper of the style that suits the majority of members. "House of Commons" is still a fairly respectable address, and looks impressive as the printed top-line of a letter, but why those using (for the purposes of personal and private correspondence) the notepaper so headed shouldn't pay for the notepaper is beyond the comprehension of the patient sufferer who does pay for it—little Tommie Taxpayer.

* * *

The Shop Hours Act.

Only the fantastic and topsy-turvey imagination of a Lewis Carrol could have conceived situations analogous to those created by the working of that fatuous piece of "legislation" called the Shop Hours Act.

The other day a peaceable and law-abiding citizen went into Messrs. Thomas Cook's tourist office. The business of selling tickets was going on as briskly as usual; but when the aforesaid peaceable and law-abiding citizen wanted to buy a guide-book he learnt that none could be sold that day, which was a lawful holiday.

Again, the law decrees that though a newsagent may sell any newspaper or periodical on a holiday, he must not part with a paper-covered novel for gain.

So, when you have secured your favourite daily and *Modern Man*, you must not add the latest paper-covered Charles Garvice or Phillips Oppenheim, or you are aiding and abetting the unfortunate newsagent to commit a breach of the law.

No doubt the original intention of the Shop Hours Act was excellent. But the way to defeat at the polls is paved with Governmental good intentions.

* * *

Sorrows of the Telephone User.

Pity the sorrows of the telephone user! The shout of denunciation of the service since it was taken over by the Government grows louder and deeper day by day.

A wretched man writes to a morning paper to complain that at 4.45 on a certain Saturday afternoon he rang up 10,020 Gerrard, and was put on to a wrong number. His tale of woe continues: "Some minutes later I rang up again and obtained the connection. I had just started to dictate a message when I was informed by an exchange operator, 'You've got them now,' and was switched off to somebody's office (name and number unknown).

"I rang up the clerk in charge at the exchange and was reconnected. Then I rang up 4,264 Victoria and got a wrong number. Later I was rung up by 'trunk' and talked with an unfortunate man in the provinces who wanted 3,892 Central."

Well, this is quite enough to go on with for one afternoon. And similar complaints are pouring in from all quarters. Cannot the Postmaster-General do something before he goes out of office? He belongs to a race well known for its efficiency in whatever it puts its hand to.

* * *

"Pictures" in Church and Chapel.

The movement in the United States for the utilisation of cinematography in churches and church buildings, in direct association with preaching, and as itself a means of preaching and teaching, holds good and is gaining ground.

So many rotten ideas are born, bred and boosted in America that when this most excellent idea makes its inevitable little trip across the Atlantic we shall give it the particularly hearty welcome it deserves—and go to church. "Moving" pictures will move a lot of people churchwards.

"Did you ever know such a summer as this in all your born days?"

"Certainly I did."

"You did! When?"

"Last winter."

* * *

Mr. Birrell's Backbone.

This is a namby-pamby age, in which backbones are getting scarcer than ever. No sooner does some especially obnoxious miscreant receive some especially lenient sentence for some especially odious offence than some especially "sentimental" invertebrate raises an especially idiotic howl for its mitigation or commutation.

Two inhuman females of the human family have been committed to penal servitude for five years for attempting to burn down the Dublin Theatre Royal because they wanted "votes for women." Already the backboneless are weeping and whining and protesting and petitioning after the manner of their flabby kind. If the cries of the feeble-minded, raised here and there, swell into a wail, shrieked in a chorus, Mr. Birrell may be tempted to listen to the pitiful noise; his fitness for the responsibilities of his office may be tested. If he has a backbone strong enough for his position he will stand firm, and these alleged women sentenced at Dublin, for whom there is not one reasonable word to be said of excuse or extenuation, will be left to serve their term. If he gives way, we shall put it down to rickets.

* * *

"Cut It Short."

The Rev. J. P. Bacon Phillips does well in hammering away again at the old grievance of the massive length of the Long Vacation. Judges and others engaged in the business of the Law Courts have the same need of holidays, and the same right to them, as other people; but they certainly have no more need, and therefore no more right, so why should they have more holidays?

"No more than others they deserve," but they take a lot more, to the injury and inconvenience of all classes of litigants. It is not only the duration of the Long Vacation itself that is to be deprecated. The anticipation of its occurrence causes a rush just before its occurrence, and its occurrence causes another one just after its occurrence—and these two rushes aggravate a congestion that is already chronic. The thing is a scandal.

* * *

Double Hit for Workers.

"I am sorry to gather from your letter that you think the Insurance Act will be a burden to you as a small employer."

So wrote Mr. Gough, secretary of the Liberal Insurance Committee, to a correspondent. And, of course, there's nothing remarkable in his being sorry, nor in the cause of his sorrow. But what he went on to say makes one rub one's eyes and stare again.

"Generally, I suppose, employers will be able to pass on their share of the expenses to their customers in the way of increased prices"!

In other words, the working man is to be doubly hit, while the employer is in reality to contribute nothing at all! If that's the way the cat is jumping, there's going to be the very Devil to pay.

* * *

The Maiming Mystery.

An echo of the famous Edalji case comes from South Staffordshire. At Walsall and Darlaston there have been cases of the maiming of horses. Both outrages were heralded by postcards signed by "The Captain of the Wyrley gang" to a local newspaper.

It seems a mystery why, after all these years, the police have not been able to lay hands on the miscreants who committed the crimes for which Mr. Edalji suffered. The ordinary person is absolutely unable to grasp the state of mind which induces the committal of fiendish acts of cruelty upon harmless dumb things, though the physiologist may have his explanation.

Anyhow, the ruffians ought to be soundly trounced; and we should like to see the South Staffordshire police successful in laying them by the heels.

* * *

Out for Show.

Here is vanity such as would have made Solomon rend his garments and strew ashes on his head. £30,000 for the erection of a mousoleum modelled after the temple of Theseus at Athens!

And who, think you, is the distinguished personage whose embalmed remains are to repose therein? Bartholomew Shea. Never heard of him? Well, he made a fortune of over £100,000 by dispensing drinks to thirsty patrons. In other words, he was a successful publican.

Merely that and nothing more. Yet such was the overweening vanity of the man that, in the days when neither praise nor blame of men can affect him, he by his own provision occupies a tomb that would have worthily enshrined the ashes of a Cæsar!

It would be almost superfluous to add that Mr. Bartholomew Shea was identified with the Great Republic of the West.

* * *

Scenic Eyesores.

Good luck to the Kent County Council! A recommendation by its Parliamentary Committee will probably lead to the adoption of a by-law, under the Advertisements Regulation Act, 1907, which will prevent the disfigurement of the landscape within its jurisdiction by unsightly hoardings.

A dozen district councils have already expressed their acquiescence in the proposed by-law. Of course, as many tenant farmers derive a considerable revenue from the scenic eyesores which are to be put under the ban, there is sure to be plenty of opposition. Nevertheless, the limited love of lucre will have to give way before the more general love of the beautiful.

* * *

Belittling the Present Age.

It was all very well for Canon Newbolt to say at St. Paul's Cathedral, the other day, when criticising the "strenuous idleness" of those who "spend their time, money and energies on a game," that there are people who imitate Drake in playing bowls, but are not ready to follow him in routing the Armada. Does his reverence imagine the criticism isn't equally true of some of Drake's contemporaries?

This growing fondness for belittling the present age by way of exalting a former has got to be checked.

* * *

The Rev. and Hon. James Adderley very properly deprecates the Sabbatarian objection to the "Continental Sunday" being introduced among us. There's far more to be said in favour of it than in favour of our own.

If, during one part of the day, Continental places of amusement are filled, during another the churches are crowded. There's not over much amusement associated with the English Sunday, and of Church-going there's even less.

* * *

Their Proper Home.

The offering of a reward by the Strabane (Co. Tyrone) Urban Council for the conviction of those who use the dial of the town clock as a target, has elicited the fact that that interesting pastime, with the kindred one of plugging bullet-holes through weather vanes, is by no means peculiar to Strabane.

Possibly now that public interest in the matter has been roused, the sport will soon become so very dodo-like that it will be extremely difficult to find it practised in Co. Tyrone or anywhere else. One is inclined to surmise that they who follow it would be much more at home in an idiot asylum than in a penitentiary.

* * *

An Emphatic Repudiation.

Charged with assaulting the brother of his landlady with a poker, after having made a furious onslaught on the said landlady's bedroom door with an axe, while threatening to "murder the lot of them," Mr. Tristram H. B. de la Poer Beresford, who had been drunk for three weeks, said he recognised his conduct was not that of an English gentleman, but considered it was the conduct of an Irish gentleman.

Modern Man emphatically declines to admit the validity of any such invidious distinction between an English gentleman and an Irish gentleman, and distinctly repudiates Mr. Tristram H. B. de la Poer Beresford's possible claim to be adjudged either the one or the other.

Another Insurance Act grievance! And a genuine one, moreover. Why should Irish harvesters, imported from the Sister Isle, be required to pay nothing, while the English labourers with whom they work receive their wages minus the weekly fourpence? The experimental stage through which the Act is passing shows more and more clearly that there will have to be numerous readjustments in the near future.

* * *

"We Do Want to Fight."

London has missed her Plowden—now happily recovered from his illness. All like his jokes, though some don't like other sentences of his. For six weeks Mr. Denman took his place on the magisterial bench, and now at the end of them he says something that it is not good to hear. Between all the parties who came to court to fight each other, and very particularly between married couples, he made it his persistent purpose to play the part of pacificator. He confesses that he was beaten all the time.

They "did want to fight, and, by Jingo, fight they would." The amiable Cadi declares: "It is an age of petty, miserable squabbles. The old English ideas of forbearance and reasonableness no longer hold sway. Forgiveness and good feelings have departed." As for married couples, he wonders "if there are any husbands and wives who do not squabble and fight?" And this on the heels of the revival of the Custom of Dunmow!

Trying others, Mr. Denman has evidently himself been greatly tried. He is now serving a sentence of annual vacation.

* * *

They are trying the bachelor tax in Hungary. If Mr. Magistrate Denman is justified in his remarks as to the absence of conjugal felicity, English bachelors would certainly rather pay the tax than face the alternative.

* * *

After Many Years.

The prominence given in Leysdown through the drowning there of the nine Walworth Boy Scouts, may lead to some long-desiderated reforms and improvements.

Marvellous to relate, the place is already to be supplied with a rocket apparatus. And after but seven years' agitation!

The coastguards still have four miles to go to a telephone or telegraph office. But then, it was only so recently as February last year that the Board of Trade requested the General Post Office to establish telephonic communication with the Leysdown coastguard.

Nothing has been done in the matter so far, but doubtless another five years will see the Board of Trade's representation complied with.

Leysdown may have been the last place created, but things get a move on them even there, albeit the pace be that of the snail.

* * *

Unseemly Levity.

The likelihood of a steam-roller being "lifted," and the chances of its being disposed of without detection, are so extremely remote that one suspects an attempt at pulling the coroner's leg when it was stated at a recent inquest that the deceased had been "night watcher of a steam-roller to see that it wasn't stolen." Of all places in the world a coroner's court should be the last for indulgence in unseemly levity.

* * *

Caution at the Seaside.

The danger of promiscuous acquaintanceships at pleasure resorts has often been pointed out. An extremely revolting case, reported from Paris, exemplifies this danger in a rather new form.

At Chatel Guyon, a fashionable watering-place, a wealthy young widow struck up a friendship with a well-dressed stranger; and during a very hot flirtation one moonlight night in the park, the couple were surprised by a man in the uniform of a park-keeper, who ordered them to follow him to the police-station.

There is no need to go into the details of this odious case. Suffice it to say that the widow paid for her indiscretion to the tune of no less than £28,000—in blackmail.

Afterwards she found she had been the victim of a gang of loathsome blackguards. The fascinating lover and the supposed park-keeper were in league, and at the bogus "arrest" the poor widow was the only one of the pair that was surprised.

This particularly disgusting form of blackmail was the speciality of this precious gang, and we are pleased to note that both the pretty gentlemen mentioned above have received the smart sentence of five years penal servitude each. There is no need to labour the obvious moral. There may be no harm in the ordinary seaside "pick-up"—we believe that that is the elegant term applied—but on the other hand there is always a risk. Girls, you can't be too careful!

* * *

Police and Pawnbroker.

The morality of a thing is not always commensurate with its legality. The other day the Birmingham police deliberately conspired with a pawnbroker to provide a man with facilities for attempting a burglary, and caught the unsuspecting safe-opener in the very act.

He'll now do time, of course, but *Modern Man* is strongly of opinion that the police ought to share the punishment, for tempting into crime a man who otherwise would have preserved his liberty for some little while longer at all events. It may be base-ball, but it isn't cricket.

* * *

Bishop and His £100,000.

The Right Rev. Laurence Frederick Devaynes Blair has been Bishop of the Falkland Isles, a diocese which stretches from Panama to Cape Horn, only since 1910, and already he is threatening to resign! After having been for the last twelve months in England, too!

He wants to raise £100,000 to carry on a work to which he apparently attaches considerably more importance than other people see in it, for up to the present, notwithstanding a year's preaching and lecturing, and appealing through the Press, only between £6,000 and £7,000 has been subscribed. If he doesn't get the balance without any more palaver he'll chuck the job.

That's not a very Apostolic way of viewing the duties of his position. But really, it might not be half a bad thing if he backed out of it.

The vast territory over which he is supposed to exercise some sort of spiritual sway has been under the ecclesiastical rule of prelates of another communion for centuries.

Why seek to interfere with their work? Why set up altar against altar, and add to the already too numerous divisions of Christendom?

It is considerations such as these which incline one to rejoice that the Peruvian Government will not permit rival missionaries to operate in the Putumayo. And it's rather a pity, perhaps, where the Right Rev. Laurence, etc., is in question that the rest of the South American Continent isn't controlled by the same authority.

* * *

Deserved a Spanking.

The bright youths who produce the *Daily Mirror* have often unconsciously added to the gaiety of nations. One of them the other day was writing an article about town and country sparrows, in which the former was rejoicing over the number of "wheatears" which he would eat in the country.

Our little ornithologist was apparently labouring under the impression that a wheatear was an ear of wheat. Which it is not—any more than a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse. If we had any authority over this bright lad, we should first spank him severely, and then set him to write out "The wheatear is a bird" five hundred times.

* * *

The Culprit "Teddy Bear."

It is curious how people will go to an infinity of trouble to prevent infection, and yet overlook a means of spreading it that ought to have been one of the earliest to claim attention.

It seemed at first most mysterious that, within the week following her return home from a scarlet fever hospital, where she had been treated for nearly two months, a small Edmonton girl should apparently have communicated the complaint to two other children.

She hadn't, however. Her "Teddy Bear" was the culprit. It had escaped disinfection, and her little playmates, in welcoming her back, had shared their caresses between her and the microbe-charged similitude of the ursine monarch of the Northern woods.

Strange how it had got overlooked, isn't it? What could certain people have been thinking about?

Those American journals which are protesting so strongly against the almost accomplished purpose of the Senate to violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty are a credit to their country—which can do with a good deal more credit than it has earned yet in the way of matters that go to prove the existence of a public conscience.

* * *

In Support of a Petition.

We are pleased to see that a petition with 87,000 signatures has been presented to the House of Commons, praying that august assembly to reverse a decision of the High Courts, which declared whist drives to be illegal.

We do not suppose that anything will be done in the matter; as petitions have a habit of completely disappearing from mortal ken directly after they have been "presented" to the House of Commons.

No; our pleasure is in the fact that there exist eighty-seven thousand people with energy enough to protest with their signatures against yet another attempt to make life in these dull drab days even duller and drabber than there is any need for it to be.

In all conscience, whist is a harmless game enough. Nor do we see any reason why the keen player should not have his keenness further whetted by the prospect of winning a gold-mounted walking-stick or some similar "article of bigotry and virtue"—as the celebrated auctioneer said.

It is all very well to discourage gambling, which is responsible for a lot of unhappiness, though not so much as some people try to make out. But there is a limit. If things go on like this, the brats will not be able to play Lotto for sweets without the risk of a stern-faced man in blue haling them away to durance.

* * *

Window-Smashing Argument.

Window-smashing as a form of argument seems to be growing in popularity. The exploits of the Suffragettes are fresh in the minds of all. Quite recently an ex-lieutenant was alleged to have thrown a brick through the window of Bow Street police-station. Now we have the *faites et gestes* of Mr. John Nolan, of Putney.

Mr. Nolan did not like the motor-'buses to pass down the road in which he resided, because they made a noise when he wanted to go to sleep. So he hurled some large stones through the windows of the vehicles, by way of protest. The report says:—

"Nolan wanted to know whether the residents had to ask the company for permission to go to sleep. The smashing of windows had been going on, he said, since July 20, and he should continue to do it."

"Then you will have to stop in prison, like other people," coldly retorted the magistrate before whom Mr. Nolan was brought at the South-Western Police Court.

Finally a fine of five pounds, and six guineas costs, was imposed. No doubt the noise of an omnibus is very irritating when one wants to get to sleep; but so long as we live in what is supposed to be a civilised community, we must not take the law into our own hands.

Mr. Nolan's protest, though vigorous, was illogical. For he could not have supposed that the company would take its vehicles off the road because one or two of them had a slight accident to their windows.

* * *

Army Manœuvres and the Weather.

A Mr. W. Pugin Thornton writes from Castle Bellingham to a daily paper on the subject of Army manœuvres and the weather. He says: "A few days ago a German officer said to a friend of mine that he was surprised at the risks soldiers in England were allowed to run during the manœuvres; that in Germany, to save the men taking rheumatism, pneumonia, etc., from bad weather, they bivouacked in wooden huts."

This Teutonic friend of a friend of Mr. W. Pugin Thornton omits to mention whether "comforters" and cotton-wool are included in the field-equipment of Hans the conscript.

We have always been under the impression that manuœvres were not much practical use unless carried out under war conditions. And if a war ever comes to this country, we do not suppose that the enemy—all of them total strangers—will allow our men to carry wooden huts about with them.

We should like the opinion of some of the hard-bitten veterans of the veldt upon this proposition of Mr. W. Pugin Thornton, who complacently adds to his letter: "This is one of the good methods we might learn from the Germans."

We cannot seem to visualise T. Atkins greeting the approaching foemen with the once-popular refrain, "I Wouldn't Leave My Little Wooden Hut for You-oo!"

* * *

Children and Pictures.

"Yes, any respectably-dressed child may enter unaccompanied by an adult," said the attendant to my query. This was at the National Gallery. There were many children there, ages ranging from 8 to 16 years—accompanied and unaccompanied.

It is disgusting that this obtains while certain pictures remain on view. For example, "Respect," by Veronese, No. 1,325.

Imagine a boy and girl—whom I saw—gloating over this—the body of a nude sleeping female figure. The girl looked shyly at the boy, smiled, and then the pair walked away, probably to discover another of the some kind.

Again, a mother, presumably, and her little boy were standing before the Velasquez, "Venus and Cupid." Both were very intent. What on earth could any decent-minded mother be thinking of to take a boy of twelve to such a picture!

Surely such pictures as these could be exhibited in a room to which children are not admitted. I suppose they are placed where they are for purposes of classification, and to be with others of the same painter's work.

But better a badly classified list than that the innocency of our boys and girls should be destroyed.

* * *

Warning to Scoutmasters.

A plain-spoken word or two to Scoutmasters, Territorial officers, and others who undertake the responsibility of organising seaside bathing parties: Don't allow your men to go swimming when the tide is on the ebb.

If the recent fatality at Rottingdean hasn't sufficiently impressed you, perhaps the testimony of so seasoned a swimmer as Mr. Jabez Wolffe will supply what is wanting.

Even he has more than once experienced considerable difficulty in reaching the shore on an ebb tide, and he declares there is the greatest danger to any but the most expert swimmers in attempting the rescue of anyone who is being carried out to sea.

* * *

A Lame Excuse.

Poor on £1,200 a year! Because his annual income had formerly been between £6,000 and £7,000 but had now sunk to twelve hundred, Carl Olak Wijk, who, notwithstanding his name, is to all intents and purposes an Englishman, excused his appearance in the Bankruptcy Court a day or two ago.

Whatever doubts we may have about the man being even relatively poor, there can be none as to the poverty of his excuse. There are not a few of us who could muddle through life very comfortably on £1,200 a year, even though we had dropped to that from, say, £6,500.

No Bankruptcy Court would see us adorning its interior. Should there be any scepticism on the point let the writer, for one, be put to the test.

* * *

Far Too Meek and Mild.

Allen Jocelyn Mander, of Goldthorne Hill, Wolverhampton, was fined £25 the other day at Bow Street for driving a motor-car along the Strand at the rate of about 35 miles an hour. His juggernaut knocked down one man and struck another, and was mounting the pavement when pulled up. Previous convictions against Mander included one at Maidenhead for dangerous driving, and one at Brentford for exceeding the speed limit. The difference between "dangerous driving" and "exceeding the speed limit" is one for hair-splitting casuistry. Common-sense can't see any.

We give the name of this offender in full, in the hope that it will be black-listed. The type of motorist to which such men as Mander belong is one that is peculiarly obnoxious to all sane, respectable and reasonable lovers of motoring, for the unthinking are ever prone to judge the majority, however great, by the minority, however small.

Motorists in general will have no desire to whittle down our merciless condemnation of this motorist in particular, and the class of motorist he illuminates—with a red light. As for the imperilled public, they have long been clamouring for plainer speaking on the part of the Press.

The license of Mander had already been suspended for a month. The magistrate threatened that if he were re-convicted in London it would probably be suspended again, "for some time."

In the circumstances, this threat seems to us to be too meek and culpably mild. Instead of talking about suspending his license for some time, why not suspend the licenseholder—for sufficient time?

* * *

Idiotic Objections.

There is perhaps no more irritating person, to the open-minded man or woman of the world, than the Stigginsesque creature who insists, in the face of all arguments, on seeing evils in the most innocent pursuits. And under this decidedly unpleasant category come the unfortunately numerous psalm singing brotherhood and sisterhood who inveigh against "mixed bathing."

Every week—in fact nearly every day—throughout the summer we hear from the platform and read in the papers, indictments of "dreadful evils" attendant on the practice of men and women bathing together, either in the sea or public swimming baths. May we once more, and with all the earnestness of despair, ask why on earth such people persist in these idiotic objections?

What harm, in the name of common-sense, can there be in parties of men and women bathing together, in suitable costumes such as are always insisted upon, and under the eyes of scores of other people?

If there is harm in this, how much more is there in the ball-room?—a place which even the rabidest spoilsports wisely refrain from criticising.

Remember, ladies and gentlemen of the Stiggins Academy, men and women are not like rabbits, to be kept most of the time in separate hutches—and now perhaps you will be kind enough to be quiet, until such time as you say something worth hearing.

A "LIBERAL" BLACKER.

Everything Looks Dark.

THE MODERN MAN.

No. 7.—MR. KENNEDY JONES.

To many people he is merely a cypher—one of the great crowd of mute inglorious Joneses who inhabit these isles. But to a much smaller number he is a Napoleon of newspapers, a genius, a man who came along at a critical time in the country's history, and changed the whole complexion of things.

Reporter in Birmingham.

A little more than twenty years ago he was a reporter on a Birmingham paper—a man who had to attend police courts, describe fires and all the other things that the outdoor pressman is called upon to "do" for the delight of a public that wants news. Twenty years ago!

Those who remember the newspapers of that period, and can compare them with the present productions of the Press need no further evidence of the greatness of "K. J." than is summed up in the statement that the change which has taken place in the newspapers is due largely to his inventiveness and originality. For he it was who fashioned the *Daily Mail*, and that great organ which—for good or ill—has revolutionised English journalism.

Seizing an Opportunity.

Probably he had little more originality than many a present day obscure pressman, but he had one slice of luck and he had the courage to seize it with both hands. The story of his rise indeed may be told some time in a volume that should be entitled from "Fountain Pen to Princely Fortune."

When a mere paid servant on a London paper he succeeded in getting an option on the *London Evening News*, which was then almost at its last gasp. But he had not the money. For this he went to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who had "made good" on *Answers*, and he got the money to buy the *News*, and in a little while the *News* was repaying the new interest manifold.

Gifts of the Gods.

So started a partnership which continued until quite recently—a partnership which has given England the *Daily Mail* and many another paper that is known far and wide.

And, despite the fact that Mr. Harmsworth took most of the limelight and all the titles, it was the keen, flitting, bird-like brain of "K. J." that was at the back of the great enterprise.

Eternally smoking and eternally planning things which never ended in smoke, "K. J." proved himself worthy of the gifts of the gods.

In the Furnishing Trade.

And now he has gone out of the newspaper line to look for fresh worlds to conquer in the furnishing trade.

He is taking a big hand in the re-organisation of the famous firm of Waring and Gillow.

With such an organising, teeming brain to direct affairs, the concern should be on velvet pile.

A THREATENED REVIVAL.

We hope that the threatened revival of the whisker will not materialize. There is nothing to say in favour of the habit of wearing hair on the face, and lots to be put forward against it. Girls, let us whisper in your shell-like ears the following facts:—

Some men wear hair on their faces because they are too mean to spend money on getting a nice-cleanly-scraped appearance. And if they are mean in that way they will be mean in others; and, *ergo*, no good to you.

Others grow a beard in order to hide some facial defect. Hair on the face often indicates bad teeth, or a retreating chin—or both.

FOUL SPOUTERS IN THE PARKS: GROWING PERIL IN OUR PLEASURE GROUNDS.

LONDON DISGRACE SPOTS.—NO. 5.

London has cause to be proud of her public parks—and causes to be ashamed of them.

In their beauty, their spaciousness, their salubrity, the excellent behaviour of the main body of their frequenters, the *morale* of their custodians—in these and other factors is abundant justification for her pride.

But to her shame stands the fact that, notably in Hyde Park, within known areas of these public pleasure grounds, and at known hours, the harlot plies her horrible trade. She promenades our parks as she promenades our streets—undisguised: one of the inevitable and most dangerous results of our well-intentioned but (in the opinion of *Modern Man*) deplorable system of Free Trade in vice.

Debauchees of Speech.

Although the indicated evil is too glaring to be passed over unnoticed, it is not within our present purpose to deal with it, our immediate object being to rivet attention to the pestiferous propaganda of treason, obscenity and blasphemy that is carried on, practically without check, or intermission, every Sunday, by the debauchees of speech who are permitted to prostitute our public parks to the most infamous ends of self and "party."

Anybody can do it—there is none to say him nay. What goes on in Hyde Park goes on in Finsbury Park, Victoria Park, other parks—more or less in all London's principal parks.

It is only for the sake of convenience and exactitude that we restrict our notes of a personal experience to one park and one Sunday; things are just the same in many on all.

No Escape from Voice.

Mounting a dirty contraption to which he subsequently referred as his "platform," a dirty man was quickly surrounded by a crowd. This "platform" speaker was evidently known—his dirt was obviously familiar and apparently attractive. He began excitedly, proceeded hysterically, and worked himself into spasms.

Within an area of about half a mile, escape from the roar of his raucous voice was impossible. Above his head floated a flag, matching the flaming tie which afforded a welcome comic relief from the yellowness of his face, bathed in its one weekly wash of perspiration.

Without a scintilla of unfairness, the purport of his harangue—common-place to those who know, inconceivable to those who don't know—can be summarised as a deliberate appeal to his hearers to regard every member of every class other than their own class as an enemy of and to their class.

Shrieking Revolution.

To begin with, the King was their enemy. Every kind, gracious, manly, royal, generous deed and utterance on the part of His Majesty that the blatant bawler and brawler could recall was twisted and contorted into its opposite. Lords, Commons, all employers, all the clergy, all magistrates, Navy, Army, auxiliary forces, policemen—everybody but "the victims of the capitalist system" was an enemy and a blackguard, "battening" on the "working classes."

Incidentally, the "batteners" were also thieves, wolves, hyenas, dogs and other animals; but "batteners" was in special favour as a "super" term of vituperation. Rebellion and revolution were shrieked to an accompaniment of muttered approbation. Not a single protest was made even at the declaration that every son of every "aristocrat" was systematically taught and trained from his earliest days to become a plunderer and a murderer in his turn—like his father.

A Disgusting Theory.

There was nothing in the least singular in all this fury of madness howled from this particular "platform." It was howled from other platforms so close to each other that the howls met and mixed.

Unanimity also characterised the groups of "Secularists" and "Rationalists" and "Free-thinkers"—unanimity of abuse, slander, obscenity, invective, hatred (of all religions in general, Christianity in particular, and religion itself in principle), and blasphemy—and, as a rule, a marked unanimity of ignorance.

One radiant apostle of free "thought" (save the mark!) seriously propounded the theory that "all immorality is the result of Christianity"!—in a voice the stink of which was the result of mixed drinks.

As for obscenity and blasphemy, those who have not heard would hardly believe, though we polluted a whole page by literal quotations.

Yells of Derision.

Filthy thoughts of filthy minds found filthy utterance. For every filthy tongue there were scores and hundreds of filthy ears. Filth-mongers pandered to filth-lovers on every hand.

Phrases awe-ful in their sacredness, and sacred in their awe-fulness, were received with, literally, yells of derision.

One beast in the trousers of humanity, surrounded by women, girls and children as well as by men, selected from the Bible, for loud public reading, a number of those brief passages the presence of which is, by common consent, a matter for special explanation—at once as appropriate and inappropriate, and in a similar sense so, as isolated passages in the text-books of anatomy and physic.

One lecturer, representing "The International Monistic Society," or perhaps being that Society—for once a lecturer both clean and clever, for all the nonsense he talked—was solicitous to explain that whereas common or park Atheists simply denied the existence of God he was out to disprove the existence of God.

He intimated that nothing could be easier. He announced that he was going to start a new kind of Sunday School. His strong objection to the Bible was largely based on the fact that every character in it was a bad character, from—throwing in all the saints and apostles—Adam to —— and here he named the Name that is above every name.

In repeating this, to "bad" he added "vile," or some such stronger term. He had, he said, a knowledge of every theology under the sun. He had just started the publication of a literary work in so many instalments, at fourpence an instalment. He could not obtain official permission to sell them in the park before October, but was open for immediate business outside the railings.

The Permission to Sell.

Official permission to sell in the parks? Oh, yes. The authorities grant facilities for the sale in the parks of the "literature" of the Sunday Park lecturers.

We have referred to women hearers. But there were women speakers too, no cleaner-mouthed than the men speakers. God help the country if such women breed many of their kind.

We are not one-sided. By no means do we exempt all the religionist lecturers. On the whole, Christianity suffers more in the parks on Sunday from the ignorance and intolerance of its advocates than the Societies who, in some cases, send them there, can have any idea of. One raving, rabid "Protestant," after pointedly referring to the known presence of Catholics in his crowd, held up in his fingers a wafer, in mockery and derision of the consecrated Host. The least gentlemanly of Kaffirs would not so have wounded the susceptibilities of others.

Paid for by the people for the people, our Parks on Sundays are turned into "Disgrace Spots" by demagogues, blasphemers and sectarians. Clear them out of them. Keep them out of them. To invoke the principle of free speech is to raise an issue that is beside the mark. We repeat that the parks are the people's parks—and the people are not demagogues and blasphemers—while for sectarian wrangling there are plenty of sectarian chapels. These crowds spoil the grass—and there are things worth learning in growing blades of green grass. "Keep off the grass," Sunday spouters all.

Canon and His Opinion.

Canon Masterman has just voiced the opinion that "no one is a penny the worse for Hyde Park treason talk." Nonsense, Canon. If you don't know better, you ought to know better. The moral atmosphere can no more be polluted with immunity from danger and damage than the physical atmosphere.

The only way to rid our parks on Sunday of an intolerable pest and a growing peril is to resort to a sort of Keating's Powder remedy.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

A remarkable ghost story comes from the town of South Hanover, Massachusetts, where the Rev. Chas. F. Donohue and his household have fled from the parish house of the Church of the Sacred Heart. Father Donohue declares, and his entire household corroborates his statement—

That clocks and furniture have been picked up by unseen hands and dashed to pieces in broad daylight.

That heavy furniture has been toppled over by invisible arms.

That an alarm clock has risen of its own accord from a table and hurled itself against a wall.

That a hatstand, apparently of its own volition, has executed a saraband in the front hall.

A corps of volunteers who agreed to watch the house told how chairs and tables fell apart, dishes played leap-frog, and pictures swung on a wall before their eyes. During one of the "ghost-walks" bedclothes are said to have been snatched from a bed and torn in front of Miss Margaret O'Connell, the housekeeper, and a man named Hoben, a friend of Father Donohue.

* * *

DIFFICULT FACES.

There is a story told of a certain Japanese servant who was very sensitive to rebuke. One day he approached his mistress and said that he wished to give notice.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the lady, in surprise. "I never took you to task about anything, did I?"

"No," replied the servant, "but you made a difficult face!"

The expression is a very good one. "A difficult face," is a thing we can see almost every day if we care to look for it. Any face that is not kindly and smiling, as it is meant to be, is a "Difficult Face." Be careful that you never allow your features to settle into this unpleasant form. It is apt to make you unpopular.

* * *

Be sure your wife will find you out.

* * *

ALL ABOUT TONGUES.

Many years ago, a Roman Noble invited his friends to a banquet, and told his servant to provide everything of the very best for the feast. The servant was a bit of a philosopher, and like all philosophers, did something unusual. When the banquet was served up, it was found that he had provided nothing but tongues. Tongues for the first course, tongues for the second, tongues for the third, and so on. Tongues fried, fricassed, boiled, roasted—tongues with plenty of sauce, tongues served up dry—nothing but tongues. The Roman Noble was very angry, and sent for his servant, and stormed at him before his guests.

"Did I not order you to provide the best things that the market could produce?" he said, "and what have you given us to eat—nothing but tongue!"

"And what is better than tongue?" replied the servant. "Is it not the organ of truth, the instrument of instruction, the means whereby we praise God?"

His master could make no reply to him, but wishing to have something different to tongues to eat, ordered him to go to market on the morrow and buy the worst things he could find. Once more the servant purchased nothing but tongues, which were served up as before.

"What! Tongues again!" shouted the master.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, "you asked for the worst things I could find, and I can find nothing worse than a tongue. An evil tongue can do more harm than anything else. It can teach error, it can lie, it can backbite, it can blaspheme, it can curse, it can say bitter, unkind things, which lead to quarrelling and strife. Certainly there is nothing worse than a tongue."

* * *

FREAK FOODSTUFFS.

Rats, mice, snakes, and tallow have all figured as articles of human diet in various climes, but for a really extraordinary dish it is difficult to imagine anything more apparently unsuitable than clay. Yet there is an edible clay found in parts of the West Coast of Africa, and much relished by the natives.

Not only is this "Consumed on the premises," as it were, but is sold to the inhabitants of surrounding districts, and it is said that some of the fanciers of this diet eat several pounds of the clay daily.

ENTERTAINING KINGS.

Considerable sums of money have been spent in Paris in entertaining crowned heads at the capital. Here are some of the outlays. The Tzar of Russia, £61,176; King of Italy, £12,800; King of Spain, £31,000; King of Portugal, £8,760; King of Denmark, £12,044; King of Norway, £12,720; King of Sweden, £11,200.

France has spent a total of £186,940 in order to enable the President of the Republic to recognise the courtesies of European crowned heads. The visit to Madrid was considerably more expensive than others of equal importance. On that occasion was expended £16,400, while a stay in London demanded just over £6,000, and in Rome £14,800.

* * *

Bacon: I told him there were dozens of people here in town who had never heard of him.

Lard: I'll bet that took him down a peg or two.

Bacon: I'm sure it didn't. He started right out to find them and borrow money.

* * *

SINGLE BLESSINGS.

"Why don't you marry?" asked the mincing spinster.

"Why don't I marry?" repeated the confirmed bachelor. "Here's why. Some time ago I went to a sale. Never mind what I went for or whom I went for; I went. Of course there was a tremendous crush, and one had to shove like blazes to get to a counter and shout like fury to attract attention.

"Well, in the course of my perambulations, I accidentally stepped on the hem of a lady's skirt, and nearly tripped her up. She turned quickly round, and the scowl upon her face would have made a more timid man bolt. She was evidently about to address some fierce remark to me.

"Then a change suddenly came over her face. 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' she said, sweetly, 'I thought you were my husband.'"

* * *

THE LONDON DODGER.

There's a character in Dickens not by any means belauded,
He's the "horrible example" shown to boys in Sunday school——
But you find that Ludgate Circus, Charing Cross, and Piccadilly,
Simply teem with pals of his to-day—not casual, but the rule.

The original by Dickens was nicknamed "The Artful Dodger,"
Tho' what he dodged was different far from what we dodge to-day;
For unless you want yourself "knocked out" and sent "across the river,"
You've got to be in London Town an artful dodger, eh?

You dodge a taxi—then you breathe, but 'fore you've scarcely finished,
A "General" thunders down on you with creak and crash and crack,
It misses you by half an inch—you jump out of its way, and
A thund'ring motor-lorry charges down upon your track.

It's dodge, and jump, and buck, and jerk from daylight until dark,
Your nerves are strained, your eyes are bulged by all this rush and run;
Oh! take me far from city life where "traffic-streams" unknown are,
For of "currents" all and sundry, good old London takes the "bun."

Stanley St. Leonard.

* * *

THE PARROT CALL.

"There are worse things than a swearing parrot," said the head of the parrot home, "and one was brought over on a German boat last month. It's owner, a sailor, swore that this travelled bird knew no profanity, and a lady bought him.

"But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on board ship in the ladies' saloon, for what he would do was this:

"For hours at a time he would choke and gasp and hiccough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sing out feebly: 'Steward—bucket!'"

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. V.—PURSUIT OF A SEALED ENVELOPE.

By ADAM STERN,
Author of the Selby Series which proved so popular in "Modern Man."

Dunlop Kane awoke to the unfamiliar feeling that his head ached splittingly, and that he wished he were dead. All about him was dark and silent. There was an unaccountable chilliness in the air. He discovered he was lying on a flight of stone steps, with his shoulders and head pressing against a stone wall. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and held his head with both hands, feeling sick and dizzy with the pain.

"Lordy!" what's happened?" he groaned inwardly.

He was still for a moment or two, indulging in self-pity. Then a sound broke on his ears, subdued and yet near, which made him open his eyes wide and strain them into the darkness in front of him. He had heard the murmur of voices.

A blade of light cut a wedge out of the gloom, and almost immediately afterwards a man stepped out of a doorway a little way ahead, followed by another man, small and wiry, who carried a tiny lantern, and noiselessly turned and locked a glinting door behind him.

Then Kane remembered!—remembered the agitated message from Mr. Prosing and his own promise to watch the strong-room that night, in which was stored the sealed envelope which was of such inestimable moment to Mr. Prosing. What had happened next? He had been stunned from behind; he was still in the corridor in the basement of Prosing's Emporium; and not ten paces away from him were two scoundrels calmly preparing to depart, and, without a doubt, with the precious envelope in their possession!

Dunlop Kane began to have a notion that he was perhaps not so omnipotent as he had imagined himself to be. He could not discern their faces, but both wore reefer jackets, and the smaller and wiry man seemed to be the one who took the lead.

Kane suddenly lay back and put himself in a huddled position again. He closed his eyes as the footfalls drew nearer. A light was flashed in his face, and a silence followed, a silence which struck him as sinister. It seemed to him that they knew he was acting, and that if he opened his eyes he would see a quiet grin on their faces. But a voice said "All right," and the men went on.

He waited a moment, and then looked over his shoulder. Softly he rose to his feet. He followed at a respectable distance, careful to make no sound. The intruders seemed to be familiar with the Emporium, making their way unfalteringly by passages and stairs to a small door which gave exit to a side street. Here they deliberated and extinguished their lantern. With an admirable boldness they passed out into the street.

Kane did not hesitate, though he half expected an attack as he likewise passed the threshold. But his quarry were walking leisurely away, and as they reached Holborn they boarded a passing 'bus. Kane jumped on the next. It was not yet midnight, and traffic was fairly plentiful.

The joy of the chase began tingling in Kane's veins. He fingered the lump on his head, and smiled very gently to himself. Arrived at the Bank the men changed 'buses and rode on to Mark Lane, where they alighted, with Kane not twenty yards behind. He had pulled his crush hat over his eyes, and with a cigarette dangling from his lips he sauntered along with his thumbs in his armpits.

The men ahead seemed to be confident they were not pursued. They made no haste, but by alleys and ill-lighted streets they penetrated into the dismal East End.

Here Kane drew nearer to them. His mind was made up; he chose his time well. In a deserted by-way the burlier man of the two received a neat but terrible blow behind the ear, which felled him like an ox. Then Kane wound his arms round the smaller man, saying with perfect pleasantry:

"If I'm not mistaken, *you're* the gentleman who handles the swag on occasions like this! Pardon my roughness," and he tore open the man's coat and plunged his hand into his inner pockets. "Thank you!" he added, pocketing a red-sealed envelope.

The ease of his victory persuaded him to act with recklessness. He released his prisoner and casually started buttoning his coat. Suddenly he leaped aside—the instinctive action which precedes the knowledge of danger. Something bright had gleamed! With a hiss and a rush the man was at him again.

Kane caught his wrist—only just in time. They wrestled with shortening breaths, until the man broke free, as slippery as an eel. The other man had risen. They did not speak; they crouched like animals and crept to right and left. In the unanimity of their understanding Kane realised the intensity of his peril. Putting his pride to join the cause of the contention he incontinently ran.

He had never run faster (he owned it to himself afterwards with chagrin); but swiftly though he went the pad of footfalls at his rear persisted. He was in a district of which he knew nothing; the number and complexity of the streets were bewildering.

He halted presently in an entry and listened with head bent forward. It was an insecure hiding-place, for a near street lamp dimly illuminated the passage, but this apparently caused Kane little concern. He quickly pulled the envelope from his pocket, and from another drew out a fountain pen. The superscription on the envelope was "*The property of Curtis Prosing.*" He erased the first three words, and added other writing beneath.

Then again he inclined his head, and with half a laugh, and restraining a boyish instinct to jeer, he resumed his flight, running with wind unimpaired.

The pursuers were now close upon his heels. They were determined and silent. He could not shake them off.

He found himself speeding at length down a narrow street which led straight towards the river. It appeared to be a cul-de-sac. At the bottom, outside a warehouse was the scarlet body of a pillar-box.

Kane ran down to it, looked over his shoulder, and turned back. His trackers had just rounded the corner.

He looked again at the river. All in a moment he seemed to have become satisfied and calm. He was about to take the plunge, when he perceived a dark alley, into which he dived thoughtlessly, as offering a more comfortable means of escape than the other.

But he found himself trapped. It was a dim, square court-yard, surrounded by squalid houses, and containing no other outlet. Behind him there sounded a shrill, prolonged whistle.

Instantly, as it seemed, the court became filled with people. Men poured out from the doorways, surrounding him completely, and Kane stood motionless in the centre, shorn of all resource, appreciating with dismay that he had blundered right into the stronghold of the thieves.

The two men who had followed him pushed through the others, the smaller man leading. His face was distorted with rage; involuntarily Kane clenched his fists.

Just then there was an interruption. A whisper went round—"The Cap'n!"— and the men fell back, revealing a middle-sized man in shore-going clothes, whose countenance was so pallid that it looked like death itself. Oaths flowed from his lips in a vitriolic stream. He stood looking at Kane with jaundiced eyes.

"That envelope," he said harshly. "Turn it out! Quick!"

"Envelope?" said Kane innocently.

"That package of Curtis Prosing's. You know what I mean. You'll rue it if you don't obey!"

"I'm afraid I shall have to rue it then," said Kane. "But whatever revenge you extract you won't get what you seek. I've done what is the most obvious thing with a letter, I've sent it off by post!"

"To whom?" snarled the other.

"I refuse to say," answered Kane.

"Where did you post it?"

"Oh, outside!" said Kane, only realising his indiscretion when the words had passed his lips.

The other glanced quickly at his watch. "There is time," he said; "the collector doesn't come till twelve." He rapped out an order, then smiled at Kane in an unpleasant fashion. "You will wait our pleasure," he said. "There is trouble ahead for you."

(To be continued.)

KICKED OUT BY WOMEN.

METHODS INIMICAL TO THE INTERESTS OF THE RACE.

There is no greater maxim for the consideration of employers than that false economy brings ruin; and the subject of this article is a form of cutting down expenditure which is found to entail loss, not only to the employers concerned, but in no small measure to the British race—an even greater consideration from the sociological point of view.

Women and Small Salaries.

We are referring to the sadly increasing tendency—we might even say custom—of business firms nowadays employing women to do men's work, at insignificant salaries in comparison with those which would have to be paid to male employees.

This has been going on for many years now; and it is one of the saddest possible facts that the public—the great bulk of whom work in some capacity or other in business houses—seems to have become inured, and consequently apathetic, to a state of affairs which is so bad that even a cursory disquisition of its attendant evils would need a volume, rather than a single column of this paper.

There is an excellent saying that what is good is worth paying for. Than this there is no sounder practical economy. Inversely, what is bad is not worth paying for; and a corollary may be drawn that it is better to pay a big price for what is good than a small one for that which is immeasurably inferior.

It is this point which is forgotten by short-sighted employers who pay trivial sums—perhaps 15s. or £1 per week—to immature girls from the County Council evening classes, to perform, inefficiently, work which should properly be done by trained men, at salaries of anything from 35s. to £3 or so weekly.

Inferior Work.

Clearing houses are the latest case in point. Here we have a branch of business which has hitherto been looked upon as sacred to men; but now we hear reports from all over the country that ill-paid women are ousting men from fairly well-rewarded posts which had previously enabled them to support wives and families in comfort.

Presumably employers who economise in this way are inclined to chuckle over the few hundreds of pounds saved annually in salaries in this way; but in far too few—indeed in scarcely any—cases do they pause to consider the probable thousands which they are losing through the inferior work done by their female employees.

There is no denying the fact that woman, on the whole, is not intended by nature for strenuous work whether of physical or mental character. A woman in business—and it on the soundest medical authority—breaks down more readily than a man. That is if she even tries to work as hard as he. Why, then, are there so few cases of "business girls" suffering injury through overwork? Simply because they do *not* overwork—or anything like it. Now there comes our main contention.

Starving the Breadwinners.

Women, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, do not take their work seriously. They simply dawdle on in an office at the work set them, with no more initiative than mechanical machines, until such time as they find husbands to marry them.

And it is a "but" of enormous significance—have women ever stopped to consider how those husbands are going to get the money to keep up a home?

"By working for it, of course," will be the feminine reply; but how are they ever to work for it, if to every man in search of a well-paid post there are scores of women—wife, and girls of the "flapper" type—willing to undertake the same work at salaries which would not go a quarter of the way towards keeping a home together.

Thus it is easy to see that the system under discussion is nothing short of a starvation of the breadwinners; and also that its immediate result is to keep bachelors in bachelorhood. Nine men out of ten nowadays are debarred from marriage because some incompetent woman has got the job which would mean to *them* a sufficient salary to marry on.

Declining Birth-rate.

When the question of declining birth-rate comes up at the ineffable Eugenic Congress, we strongly recommend to the notice of that learned gathering the potent evil done by women who steal men's jobs.

TRAPPING THE TRIPPER.

SOME DODGES OF THE HOLIDAY RESORTS.

From year to year competition grows keener among our seaside towns. Every possible means is employed to din their names and delights into the ears of the great B.P.

To-day Blackpool has its own advertisement manager and Press agent; and so, too, has the Isle of Man. Eastbourne, Brighton, Scarborough, Ramsgate and Worthing proclaim their attractions big in newspapers and by posters all over the land, and Worthing has hit upon the scheme of printing the town's unique sunshine records on pictorial postcards, and sending them to leading medical men in London and other big centres.

Another scheme invented by Worthing is the use of adhesive view stamps for sticking on parcels and letters sent from the town.

The Art of Booming.

Pushing the seaside has become an art. Blackpool offered large prizes in cash for the best poster design advertising the place. No fewer than ninety-two were submitted. The town distributes 120,000 guide books yearly.

It pays to advertise. Every business man knows that, and towns have found the same truth hold good. An alteration was made in the Mayor's salary at Scarborough so that more money might be spent in advertising.

In the following year the profits from stalls and stands on the beach were £800.

Yarmouth and Gorleston make over £4,000 a year from their beaches—equal to a rate of 5d. in the pound. Last year Bournemouth made £11,337 from her pier, £1,146 from the hire of beach chairs, £2,047 from bathing, £506 from the Meyrick Park Golf Course, £900 from beach bungalows, and other smaller amounts besides.

Make-Believe Beach.

When sands can prove so golden, small wonder that every possible effort is made to attract the visitor, and that money is spent lavishly in the effort to provide every possible attraction for them.

Bournemouth has, with infinite trouble and at great expense, constructed an undercliff drive. Blackpool has expended thousands in fighting the inroads of the sea. Southport has too little sea, and has built a pier nearly a mile long, and poured out money in making saltwater caves. Scarborough has worked for years building a great road round the base of the cliff separating the north part of the town from the south.

As for Grays, it has beaten the record by constructing a make-believe beach. Ship loads of shingle have been spread upon the muddy fore-shore, the sand being imported from Shoeburyness. All that is wanted now are some shrimps, some seaweed and a few rocks.

Methods Not so Commendable.

These are all perfectly legitimate methods. There are others not so commendable which are freely employed. The smaller resorts sometimes get into very low water. They have not the capital to spend in advertisement or in big works, and your tripper is notoriously fond of a crowd and of plenty of beach shows and amusements.

Take the case of a small company which has started a new resort, and has expended most of its available capital in putting up a large hotel. Funds are running low. They cannot afford to wait indefinitely. Something has to be done to draw patrons.

Now everyone knows the drawing power of a title. It is by no means uncommon for the owners of such an hotel to send special invitations to titled young bachelors to visit their establishments free of charge. Such a guest, be he ever so poor, will certainly attract a certain class of rich people with marriageable daughters on their hands.

Useful Foreign Noblemen.

Foreign noblemen are rather a cheap line, but useful at times. Cases have been known of the visitors' book being "cooked," the proprietor inserting in a prominent position names of distinguished or titled foreigners who have never been within a hundred miles of the place.

Perhaps the best draw of all is a well-known actress. It is not so long ago that one such was offered a charming house rent and rate free at an East Coast resort merely on the condition that she would occupy it for not less than six weeks in each summer.

MY NOTE BOOK.

Several times this week I have been very dissatisfied with the telephone service, but I must own that about an hour since I forgot it for the moment, when an old reader—"J.H.C.," Streatham—who rang me up to say that he had omitted to enclose the coupons with the P.O. in ordering a *Modern Man* fountain pen, voiced into my ear the appreciative message, "I think your paper splendid, and I know quite a number of new readers."

What I said to "J.H.C." over the 'phone I say to many more readers this week:—"Delighted you like it, and hope to even please you better."

HAVE YOU GOT ONE?

In requesting that an athletic badge be sent him, "A.W.D.," Attleborough, Norfolk, writes:—

"Best wishes for the success of your excellent paper. . . . I want no better."

"The best paper I've ever read," is the opinion of "R.V.H.," Coxhoe, Durham; whilst "C.G.W.," Knighton Fields, Leicester, says:—

"I have read a good many periodicals but have never read one to come up to the standard of *Modern Man* for bright, interesting, and common-sense reading."

Next comes "W.R.," Pierremont Estate, Darlington, with:—

"Please sent me one of your fountain pens. If they are as good as the paper there should be a rush on them."

Among many other appreciative readers who have written me during the past few days, are:—

"C.H.," Biddulph Moor, near Congleton:—

"I am delighted with your paper, and am recommending it to everyone I come in contact with."

"E.A.W.," Abbey Hill, Edinburgh:—

"There is not a better paper on the market."

* * *

READER AND CLASS DISTINCTION.

Writing from Beckenham, Mr. S. Bernard Smith says: "In 'Plain Speaking' last week you took Mr. Richardson to task for suggesting that steerage passengers should be saved first, and asked 'In sanity's name, why?'

"If the value of one life is greater than that of another is it on the side of the 'first-class passenger' that the difference is to be found? Certainly not. It cannot be denied that the life-blood of our Empire is derived from the classes that fill the steerage and second-class berths.

"The strict truth is that there should be no preferential treatment whatever. On every ship there should be provided sufficient boat accommodation for the full complement, distributed in such a way that, in the event of disaster, the rescue of all classes of passengers and of the crew could be proceeded with simultaneously.

"In circumstances which hold immediate danger to human life, class distinction should be made impossible.

"After all, the life of a coal trimmer is quite as valuable as—and in nine cases out of ten, more so than—the life of a Duff Gordon or a Bruce Ismay."

Modern Man respects Mr. Smith's opinion. Class distinction should be made impossible. Life is sweet to all, rich and poor.

* * *

WARNED OFF THE COURSE.

Yes, "T.B.R.," Reading, to be warned off the course is perhaps the biggest stigma that could attach to any sportsman, and very rarely is it ever revoked.

As far as I know, only once within recent years has an exception been made, and that was in the case of a well-known horse trainer, who about three years ago was officially notified that the Jockey Club Stewards had withdrawn the warning-off edict which they had issued against him.

Than the Jockey Club there is, perhaps, no more powerful and irresponsible tribunal in the land, and in all that pertains to the rules and control of the British Turf it is absolutely paramount. Their condemnation means ruin, and there are no appeals from the dread sentence.

Many instances could be cited of famous horsemen being thus punished, and in several cases where jockeys have been known to earn thousands annually the punishment has been tantamount to a fine of not less than £50,000.

There is plenty to make one laugh at the White City, but when I visited there the other evening I discovered amusement in quite an unexpected way.

It will be remembered by many readers that a short time ago "Brutus," the two-year-old African lion in Bostock's jungle, had perforce to submit to have a tooth drawn. It had become decayed, and poor "Brutus" endured much pain.

Since then many applications have been received by Mr. Bostock from persons who would like to possess the monster's [illegible] and not a few of them are really funny.

Here are a few extracts from letters shown to me the other evening:—

"I should like the lion's tooth so that I may have it mounted out on a long rod to scare Lloyd George and Ben Tillett with. They do more harm to our little Island than any two men that ever lived."

"I would like to get it silver-mounted and give my little Babs to cut her teeth on. Then she could keep it all her life."

"I am in the notion with this lion's portion
If it to me you do bequeath
To seek out a shop,
Where it I could 'pop'
For something more toothsome than teeth."

* * *

DOUBTING CHILD'S STATEMENTS.

In an appeal on behalf of a son a Clapham father wrote:—

"I have a small three-year-old boy, who tells me every night of the number of lions (and incidentally policemen) he has killed during the day.' Starting from three or four they generally reach six before dinner is over. Now knowing the father, I cannot doubt the veracity of the child; but still, several friends are very sceptical, make nasty remarks anent 'Like father, like son.'

"I therefore thought that if you sent him that lion's tooth it would prove to all doubters that truth does run in the family, and that lions are still in existence, ready at the present time to be killed by small boys, the same as in days past. If you could also enclose a policeman's [illegible] it would still further emphasise the fact that truth is stranger than fiction."

* * *

Like many more members of *Modern Man* League, Mr. F. C. Morris is seeking his fortune abroad. Writing from Sydney he has provided me with some beautiful glimpses of the land in which he is settled, and to him I say "Every-thing you wish yourself."

* * *

THEATRE-GOERS AND THEIR EMOTIONS.

When at the theatre have you ever found any interest in contrasting the emotions of the audience? If not, try it. You can never tell from the appearance of a person just how he or she may act when worked up to a certain pitch. A harmless looking man, who might on external appearances be put in the mollycoddle class, may show instincts that would compare favourably with those of a savage Indian. On the other hand a rough looking person may turn out to have a soft heart that you would never expect to find concealed behind his hard exterior.

You never can tell what children may do in a theatre. The childish emotions are very easily touched, and [illegible] youngsters, or most of them, practically have no control. To distract the attention of the audience from what is going on on the stage may often mean destroying the effect of a performance, and children are apt to do that.

A curly-haired, cherubic kid worked destruction [illegible] In one part of the play the villain cheated at cards in a neat scene and well done, so that the audience just [illegible] the trickery. This youngster evidently knew the game, for he shrilled "Cheat!" When the audience looked in the direction of the childish voice they saw an excited youngster standing on a chair. After that the play lost its interest.

YOUR EDITOR.

PEN POINTS.

INTERESTING PARS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Nearly three-quarters of a million people visited the British Museum last year.

* * *

"Printing banknotes was the first job I ever had in my life," said a prisoner who was charged at Woolwich with begging.

* * *

A man at Shamoking, Pennsylvania, ate five quarts of sea-nuts and drank thirty glasses of beer in fifty-five minutes for a wager.

* * *

Census reports show that of the 7,204,838 people in Canada last year 3,821,067 were males and 3,383,771 females; an excess of the former of 437,296.

* * *

French authorities have prohibited as illegal the practice of certain sportsmen who use acetylene lanterns to attract game and thus increase their bag.

* * *

A Cardiff man whose death has occurred from semi-starvation "earned a living by minding babies for mothers while they entered public-houses."

* * *

While playing with an old mattress in a field at the back of Macdonald Road, Walthamstow, some children discovered inside it a stocking filled with sovereigns.

* * *

A landlord at Sartrouville, near Paris, has offered to let a three-roomed cottage at a rental of £10 a year, with a reduction of 8s. for every child in the family.

* * *

Twins born in Ireland last year numbered 2,532, which was 276 more than in 1910, but there were only thirty triplets, as compared with thirty-nine in 1910.

* * *

A woman named Midaut who was sentenced on twelve different counts to expulsion from France for 200 years had her sentence reduced on appeal to 220 years. How kind!

* * *

A Minneapolis surgeon has just performed an operation on the skull of a self-confessed burglar, at the man's request, to cure him of the desire for other people's property.

* * *

A wine cup formed out of the skull of a dead sweetheart has been fashioned by a Strasburg jeweller to the order of a German medical student, at the price of ten shillings.

* * *

A thief at Philadelphia, after filling his pockets with jewellery, stole a suit of clothes, which he put on, and then forgot to transfer his booty from the old suit before departing.

* * *

As in other countries, women in France are not allowed to wear male attire, except by special permission from the police. When pressed on the point, the Prefect of Police admitted that this permission was only given to women who had a beard!

* * *

Hermon Arnaud, a French bandsman residing at St. Louis, United States, having recently lost an arm in an accident, has formed an orchestra composed entirely of one-armed musicians, who are now nightly performing with great success at the music-halls.

* * *

At an inquest at Chelsea on the body of a young hairdresser named Herbert Jones, of Walton Street, it was stated that he left a farewell message penned in ink on his chest. The words decipherable were: "Gertie," "I haven't," "Forgive," "My love to you:" initials, "H. J."

THIEVES AT THE TERMINUS.

URGENT WARNING TO HOLIDAY MAKERS.

The holiday rush is an anxious time for the railway police. It is also the time of another kind of "rush," whereby the incautious voyager is deprived of his goods, or his money, or both. We notice that the police have issued their usual warning that all the large stations are now swarming with luggage thieves, pick-pockets and crooks of every degree, and only a few days ago a Royal visitor to these shores lost a dressing-bag.

Irony in a Notice.

The pick-pocket lingers about the booking-hall, and hovers near the little window through which the hard-working booking-clerk pushes out the "billets de voyage." He soon learns where the traveller purchasing tickets disposes his money, and mingling with the crowd is able to relieve him of it—particularly as the departing one has his mind fully occupied with other things.

There is a certain grim irony in the fact that the big notice

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

which is generally displayed at the big termini is used as an aid in the nefarious work. Reading the notice, a nervous individual involuntarily claps his hand to the pocket in which he keeps his valuables, which the lurking thief duly spots.

Happy-go-Lucky System.

Luggage thieves generally rely upon a good suit of clothes, a plausible manner and unlimited, unruffled assurance.

They are, of course, greatly assisted by the English railway companies' happy-go-lucky system (if "system" it may be called) of dealing with passengers' luggage. On the arrival of a passenger-train at any terminus one may see the impedimenta of travel being tumbled out pell-mell from the guard's van to the platform, while anxious and perspiring owners rend the air with shouts of "That's mine—that brown portmanteau with 'A.B.C.' on the side!"

Anybody who is fairly well-dressed and well-spoken may have any article he pleases to fancy delivered to him without a murmur. The thief has only to claim certain bags or boxes—provided the real owner is not on the "qui vive"—and an obliging porter puts them on a cab for him at once.

There is room for the American and Continental systems of checking luggage in this country. They may be slower, but they are a great deal surer.

Purloined from the Rack.

"Another way"—as Mrs. Beeton would say—of acquiring other people's goods at the terminus is for the thief to enter a compartment, and annex any small hand-luggage which a traveller may have left on the rack for a moment. The theft, alluded to above, of a dressing-case belonging to Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, sister of the German Emperor, at Victoria Station, at the time of writing remains a mystery. We learn that Her Royal Highness's personal luggage was placed on a hand-truck and conveyed to the train for Folkestone, a distance of about fifty yards from the platform at which the Princess arrived from Eastbourne. Some personal servants of Her Royal Highness followed the truck, but apparently did not keep it in view.

Besides those already mentioned, other social pests are found at the large termini in great number and variety. "Confidence men" abound, especially at stations like Euston and Waterloo, where American and Colonial visitors are likely to arrive.

The Waiting Tout.

A furtive peep at the marked-down victim's luggage will nearly always give a clue to his place of origin—so to speak—and the rest is plain sailing, as the "mug" is taken off his guard by the knowledge of his affairs displayed by the well-dressed and genial stranger who accosts him.

Touts for various disreputable places of "amusement" lie in wait for the country bumpkin intent on "seeing London"; and any likely-looking girl travelling alone is stalked by the sinister agents of the White Slave traffic. But this latter part of our subject is a wide one, and would deserve an article to itself.

BEWARE!

The Modern Woman's Fancies.

In this age of extravagance the married man who holds on to his money finds it a hard job to hold on to his wife.

* * *

A girl has such an imagination she can suspect a man of trying to marry her when what he wants is to borrow a sovereign from her brother.

* * *

Domestic Superstitions.

Here are one or two little domestic superstitions generally believed in by ladies:—

If when washing dishes you forget one, it is a sign that you will shortly hear of a wedding.

If your apron accidentally comes untied, it means that someone is speaking of you.

If by any chance you should try to make coffee without putting any in the pot, a gift is on the way to you.

To place a kettle on fire or stove with the spout pointing backwards is a sign of company.

If a piece of coal from the fire falls on to the floor, a stranger is coming to see you. Also there is danger of a burnt carpet, so remove it at once.

But a far more reliable prophecy of the sages is the following: If you give way to bad temper and bickering, it is a sure sign that your home will not be happy.

* * *

No doubt the prevailing fashion of bare throats and semi-bare chests is very becoming, but, remember ladies, the dragon of consumption still stalks abroad.

* * *

A Cherished Possession.

Princess Mary possesses a talisman to which she attaches considerable importance. It is an ancient Egyptian stone that was found a few years ago in one of the pyramids.

It was probably worn by one of the queens of Ancient Egypt as a charm against evil. The stone was shown to the Princess Royal when she was in Cairo a few years ago, and its probable history explained to her.

Her Royal Highness was greatly interested in the stone, which is of a dullish red colour and quaintly carved, and she at once purchased it. On her return home, she gave it to her little niece, who has worn it constantly ever since.

It has been attached to a fine chain of Indian gold, and it is said that on two occasions when Princess Mary forgot to wear this chain misfortune has befallen her. On the first occasion she fell from her pony in Windsor Park and bruised her shoulder, and on the second she lost her purse while out with her governess in the West End.

* * *

A woman isn't necessarily the sunshine of a man's life because she makes it hot for him.

* * *

Women and Architecture.

Women have an intuitive liking for domestic architecture, but most of them fail to clinch the liking by accurate observation and information. How often a woman wishing in her house some feature that she has particularly admired at a friend's place, is utterably unable to describe it to the architect drawing her plans. Her husband would probably fare no better at a description, but then he is always ready to disclaim any special interest in the matter and say "It was you who wanted it, not I."

To overcome this lack of observation, let any woman try, off-hand, to describe or draw any object with which she is familiar, say her own front door or her private tea pot, and if she can say correctly what proportion its width bears to its height she will be unique among her sex. Or let her pick up a photograph and examine it for five or ten seconds and see how precise will be her account of it. Yet with a little practice of this sort one can learn to see intelligently at a glance more details about a room than were formerly apprehended in a ten minutes' inspection, and her architect may safely rely on her to describe what she wants in her plans.

The Long and the Short of It.

The best figure a woman ever saw is in the looking glass.

* * *

During the hearing of a summons taken out against a young man of Kentish Town, at Marylebone, his former sweetheart said while he was on holiday she received 101 postcards from him by one post.

* * *

In High Society.

A quaint story is being told of a little girl in high society. She had been taught that "Our Lord would save little children." One day when she had been naughty, her noble mother was going to chastise her, whereupon she ran upstairs sobbing violently.

Her father followed her, and, listening at the door of her room, heard her say: "Oh, Lord, if you want to save a little girl, now's your chance." The peer went downstairs and interceded for her, and her mother forgave her.

* * *

Most husbands appreciate wives who can play the piano forte, but when they come home tired, the music of a sizzling steak and a singing kettle is preferable to "The Druid's Prayer," or a selection from "The Sunshine Girl," however nicely played.

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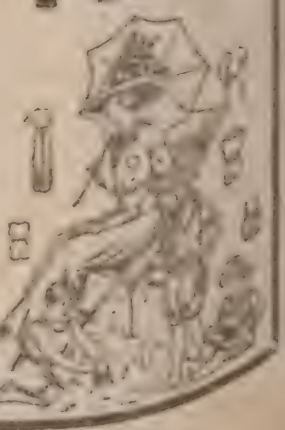

On Sale at all Newsagents, price 2d., or direct from Publishers, for Three Stamps.—Bowerman's Dressmaker, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

TRIO OF KNIGHTS.

SOME AMUSING ANECDOTES.

One day, at rehearsal, Sir Herbert Tree asked a youthful actor to "Step back a little."

The player did so. Sir Herbert eyed him critically—and went on rehearsing. After a time he repeated the request: "A little further back." The youth obeyed. Surveying him, the famous actor went on with his work. Shortly afterwards he again asked him to step still further back.

"If I do," expostulated the youth, "I shall be right off the stage."

"Yes," said Sir Herbert, "that's right."

* * *

INVENTOR AND A CHEQUE.

Sir Hiram Maxim, the well-known inventor, has recounted a good story concerning the famous Maxim gun. He was staying with Lady Maxim at a South Coast watering place, and on leaving his hotel presented a cheque in payment.

But the proprietor of the hotel was rather shy of cheques, and pointed out politely that he would prefer cash, as he did not know if Sir Hiram was really Sir Hiram. The position was awkward, but Lady Maxim is said to have come to the rescue with a bright idea. On the pier was a penny-in-the-slot mutoscope. "If you will go to that and put a penny in," she said to the proprietor, "you will see Sir Hiram firing a Maxim gun before the Shah of Persia." The proprietor went, duly put in the penny, saw the exhibition, and took Sir Hiram's cheque with profuse apologies.

* * *

MICKY'S OFFER.

Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P., has retailed a story of his young days at the Bar, when a countryman called on him and said, "Look here, counsellor, you have got a bit of a case for Micky."

"I have," replied Mr. Carson. The countryman then responded, "I am Micky, and if you win that case I will give you five shillings for yourself." Mr. Carson duly won the case, but he did not get the five shillings.

SPORTING MIXTURE.

Fly-by-Night is the name recently given to a racehorse. We once tried that game ourselves, but her father caught us, and we're still rubbing the spot.

* * *

In the three matches which he has played against the South Africans this season, Sidney Barnes has bowled no fewer than thirty-eight maiden overs.

Evidently a divil with the maidens.

* * *

What a lucky thing it was for Yorkshire that rain saved them from defeat from the rose of another colour. They are now practically assured of the championship.

* * *

Prior, who last season was retained as reserve right wing for Clapton Orient, has signed on for Bury.

* * *

Matt Wells and Freddie Welsh have signed articles to box for the Light-weight Championship of England and Lord Lonsdale's Belt. It will be remembered that these popular light-weights met about two years ago, Wells being the victor.

* * *

The Cloud has done some travelling of late, says a contemporary, referring, of course, to a racehorse of that name. We wish to heaven all the clouds would do a bit of fast travelling and let's get a look at the sun.

* * *

George Hirst last week completed his 1,000 runs for the season, and at the time of writing requires but seventeen more wickets to bring his total up to a hundred. Woolley is the first to accomplish the feat this season.

* * *

It is possible that Jim Coffey, an Irish heavy-weight boxer, will shortly be challenging Bombardier Wells for the championship of England. It's time someone came forward.

WHAT'S ON AT THE SEASIDE.

USEFUL HINTS TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.

DOVER.

Dover has always been a favourite resort of the English holiday-maker: and is, perhaps, one of the spots best known to the traveller from the Continent. Rudyard Kipling's fugitive financier, sunning himself in the Argentine asks:—

"How stands the old 'Lord Warden'?
Are Dover's cliffs still white?"

The inhabitants of the town are mightily proud of the new harbour—one of the biggest, and certainly the best constructed, in the world, and a perfect triumph of engineering skill.

The pier is, as everybody knows, one of the longest in the British isles. To it come steamers, generally crowded, from other seaside resorts—such as Margate and Ramsgate, the trip along the coast being a most enjoyable one.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

Weston-super-Mare is patronized during the summer season by crowds of pleasure-seekers from Bristol, Cardiff, and Newport—this bright resort being to the inhabitants of these busy centres what Brighton is to the Londoner.

Of course, this does not exclude visitors from the other parts of these islands—and the Great Western Railway issues special-price tickets during the season from Paddington. And apart from this, the boat service to Weston-super-Mare is an exceptionally efficient one.

This favoured town boasts one of the finest "fronts" in the Kingdom; and all the amusements of a well-regulated pleasure resort will be found. Golfers will rejoice in the splendid links: and performers upon the shot-gun may shoot pigeons to their heart's content.

Dr. W. G. Grace has been from time to time very successful at this sport. To people of a literary turn of mind, it may be interesting to learn that Weston-super-Mare was the favourite resort of the late "Hugh Conway"—at one time a very popular novelist, whose work, "Called Back," was the literary "sensation" of its year, and set the fashion of the now-defunct "shilling shocker."

CLACTON.

With its flatness, its regularity, and its cleanliness, Clacton almost gives one the impression of a Dutch town. This idea, however, is speedily removed when one listens to the Pierrots on the beach and on the pier singing the "latest London successes."

There is plenty of music in the air at Clacton, for an exceptionally fine band plays daily. There are also indoor amusements in the shape of an ably-managed theatre, presenting a succession of proved attractions, and one of the best picture palaces in the country, with high-class and novel films.

Clacton has not been particularly blessed in the matter of sands; but it makes up for this by presenting some fine promenades. The Belle Steamers have daily sailings from Fresh Wharf, London Bridge, and it is possible to do a day trip for the not exorbitant sum of four-and-sixpence.

SCARBOROUGH.

Proud Scarborough arrogates (not Harrogates) to herself the title of "the Queen of Watering Places" a description, by the by, also claimed by a not altogether unknown resort on the Sussex Coast. One is bound to admit that the Yorkshire town has some justification for her boast, for among other attractions, she possesses one of the finest promenades of any seaside resort, British or foreign.

The Spa is also a cherished possession of Scarborough. One of the most fashionable resorts in England, this pretty town rejoices in large and perfectly appointed hotels, some of them capable of accommodating a couple of hundred guests.

At all times during the season Scarborough presents a gay and animated appearance, and this will be specially noticeable during the far-famed "Cricket Week" in September, when I Zingari will show their prowess.

It is interesting to note that Scarborough was the favourite resort of the late Duke of Clarence, elder brother of his present Majesty. One should not omit to mention that Scarborough is excellently served by the Great Northern Railway, and it is possible to obtain a week-end ticket from King's Cross for as low as 22s.

ROMANCE IN A LONDON PRISON.

By "NUMBER 7."

Author of "25 Years in 17 Prisons" and "Convicts I Have Met."

Don't tell me that a term of imprisonment knocks all the romance out of a fellow's life. Nothing of the kind—and I am writing as one having authority, having had more than a quarter of a century of it!

Describing a Courtship.

Anyhow, here is as pretty a story of "love in a prison" as can be found in the whole range of prison literature, or for the matter of that, in any other literature.

Moreover, I can vouch for the truth of it, seeing that I am writing in the first person singular, and was myself one of the two principal characters in the transaction.

Having, about the fag end of 18—, been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in London for—well, as I am not now confessing my sins, but only describing my courtship, let me say at once that it was for an offence to which I pleaded guilty—I was speedily lodged within Pentonville Prison.

Just before the first month of my imprisonment expired a vacancy occurred in the printing department, and, being perhaps the only man who knew anything about type-setting in the prison at the time, I was transferred from what then was, undoubtedly, the nethermost hell of the prison system, to wit, the "wheelhouse," to what is, even now, generally considered to be the paradise of prisoners—*i.e.*, the "printer's shop."

Six months before my release something took place which gave me charge *pro tem.*, and I immediately set about making some very desirable alterations in the position of the "plant."

Feeding Some Sparrows.

At the end of the shop, which was three storeys high, were two windows, one looking out upon an adjacent street, several houses of which could be seen from it.

In front of this window I placed my cases and imposing stone, so that I could look out at will upon the emblems of civilised life as seen in the houses facing me, and which ran at right-angles to the prison itself.

It was whilst looking out through my window at the houses opposite that I, one fine morning, saw, or thought I saw, a small, pleasant-looking, girlish face at one of the opposite windows. The owner of that face was apparently studying me somewhat intently, but not knowing what view to take of matters, for it was quite possible that the girl might be a daughter of some prison official, many of whom resided in those houses opposite, I retired from my position and closed my window.

On the following morning I brought some crumbs of bread from my cell to feed a number of sparrows that seemed to make my window-sill a kind of rendezvous, where they kept up a chatter which amused me.

Whilst feeding my feathered friends the apparition of the previous morning again appeared at the window opposite.

Yes. There was no doubt about it this time. There was that funny little face, lit up by two funny little blue eyes, looking straight across at my window with such a comical stare that I could not, for the life of me, take my eyes off it.

Tantalising "Lady Fancy."

We stood for fully ten minutes, each gaping at the other, or rather, that portion of each which was visible.

I know not why, but I distinctly remember that it was with a feeling of relief that I saw my strange *vis-a-vis* turn from her window and retire into the room.

But, although I could no longer see her I could not help thinking about her, and all that day "Lady Fancy" flirted around in a most tantalising way. Do what I would, I could not get that little face out of my mind; it haunted me throughout that day, and so added to other causes of unrest that night that by the following morning, which, by the way, was Saturday, I had resolved to take no further notice of this new disturber of my peace.

But on the Saturday afternoon I saw the fatal window opposite thrown right up and my fair tormenter, in company with an elderly lady, whom I at once took to be her mother, seated in full view before, or rather, behind it.

The girl was engaged in making or mending some white aprons; but now and again her eyes would wander from her work towards my barred window. In one of those ocular excursions our eyes met, and a slight flush upon the girl's face became visible.

Bringing Matters to a Climax.

Up to that moment I had looked upon the young lady's proceedings as a display of mere feminine curiosity, but now it appeared to me as if an element of pity had become mixed up with this allowable sentiment. Anyhow, I resolved at once to bring matters to a climax, and, unmindful of what woman's pity is said to be akin to, I mounted my improvised stone and, on the pretence of cleaning it, took the top half of my window right out, thus exposing to her view the very unattractive prison garb in which, of course, I was then rigged out.

If my object had been—what I know it was not—to impose a salutary check upon what certainly looked like obtrusive inquisitiveness on the girl's part, this move of mine had the very opposite effect, for she now fairly laid aside her work altogether, and I was at once subjected to a more critical inspection! That afternoon she waved her hand to me.

The day following the incident just related was Sunday, and I could not, of course, get up to the workshop; but, by the following Monday morning I had fairly matured a plan whereby some kind of intercommunication might be established.

Unfortunately, I was then unable to carry this plan out, so had to fall back upon the very slow process of signalling, and every morning, for some time, a merely mute salutation was all that we could indulge in.

A Green Paper Signal.

Saturday afternoon, however, were our grand times, for then there were fewer officials about, and, on those occasions I could hang out my banner, in the shape of a strip of green paper, and allow it to float in the breeze as long as the deaf and dumb interview could with safety last.

Those "interviews" consisted, for the most part, of a series of dumb-shows emphasised by nods, winks, smiles, kiss-throwings, and such-like antics; and in a short time I learned that my unapproachable sweetheart was nineteen years old, that she was engaged daily in the City, that her father—whom I saw occasionally sitting in the room—was in profound ignorance of our little intrigue, that her mother, after some show of resistance, was bought over to "wink the other eye" at our proceedings, and, finally, that the young lady herself was not altogether indifferent to her distant and imprisoned admirer.

Things went on in this way until I was within a short time of my release, when an incident occurred which illustrated in a striking way the proverbial unsmoothness of the course of true love.

Warders Seize Writing Gear.

Some time previously I had provided myself with pens, ink, and paper—surreptitiously, of course—taken from the printers' shop, and, by means of a "bodkin"—known to all compositors—was enabled to propel small, bean-like billets-doux from time to time straight across the intervening street and often had the gratification of seeing them land safely at the feet of my loved one opposite.

About the time mentioned I was surprised one night in my cell, whilst writing a rather longer letter than usual, by the sudden entry of two prison warders who, of course, seized my writing gear, and on the following morning I appeared before the Governor.

As I had been caught red-handed, so to speak, it was a clear case, but, as I had, up to then, a clean record, I was merely sentenced to two days' bread-and-water diet, the forfeiture of some remission marks, and greatest punishment of all to me—expulsion from the printer's shop.

The Seal of Wedlock.

This trouble, however, was not of long duration. In less than three weeks thereafter I was a free man, and in less than three months I was a married man, having put the seal of wedlock on an attachment which started within the walls of Pentonville Prison ten months previously.

* * *

After twenty-three years of married life we are partners now!

MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING: READERS AND THEIR REQUIREMENTS.

The only stipulation which *Modern Man* makes in connection with its free Exchange Bureau, arranged for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in the next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

TOURING.

A motor cycle is without doubt an ideal touring vehicle, and naturally all riders will use their machines more or less at holiday times, either to cover long distances, to idly potter along visiting places of interest, or to explore out of the way spots; but, whichever of these you choose, if a no-trouble tour is expected a careful overhaul of tool-bags and spares should be made.

This does not mean that you should overload the machine with a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of spare parts, but take a common-sense selection of tools for dealing with emergencies and duplicates of any parts that are likely to break or loosen.

Making a Puncture Outfit.

In my own outfit, in addition to the tool kit supplied with the machine the following and a place. One spare valve complete; one spare belt, with adjustable fastener and punch; one sparking plug and two copper asbestos washers; length of Bowden wire, high tension wire, insulating tape; butt-ended valve, oil can, puncture repair outfit.

With regard to the last item, readers can make up their own as follows. Twelve patchquicks, assorted sizes, penny carton of French chalk, piece of sand paper, piece of canvas, six valve rubbers, and, lastly, some good solution. There being no small tins of this last commodity with new tops to which is fixed a brush for applying the solution, one has, in which case a small one will have to be made.

The ignition is other than magneto, should cover every contingency that is likely to arise. Driving clothing should consist of a thick pair of boots, waterproof overalls, gauntlet gloves, and a muffler to keep one's collar clean and throat warm, which form an efficient protection against any kind of weather.

Aiding the Distressed.

Remember when touring it is the hall mark of a gentleman to close the cut-out and throttle down when passing through towns and villages, or encountering anyone in charge of horses; also, on meeting any motor cyclist in trouble do not shout out an offer of help as you rush by, but stop, even if your assistance is unnecessary. It makes the time pass quicker having someone to talk to, and you may learn something you did not know before.

A wise rider at the end of a long day's run will drain off the oil from the crank case, inject a few drops of paraffin in the compression tap, and spend five minutes in inspecting the tyres for cuts, half-entered nails, and flints, lastly testing the security of the various nuts and bolts with a spanner, thus ensuring a good start on the morrow.

Concerning Saddles.

There is no part of a cycle which a rider depends on more as regards comfort than the saddle. A badly-fitting, ill-made saddle makes cycling a veritable discomfort, and takes away all the pleasure of riding.

Much, of course, depends upon its adjustment. But all the adjustment in the world would not make a bad saddle comfortable. Luckily, however, for riders, saddle-makers have devoted a considerable amount of care to meeting all reasonable requirements, and if you will only pay a moderate price you can rely upon getting a thoroughly comfortable one. Personal opinions, of course, differ considerably on this point, but I like myself one with a fairly broad seat well moulded away for the thighs, with a moderately long pummel. It should be well sprung, but not with too much lateral motion, which, in my opinion, tends to unsteadiness.

Needless to say, the leather should be well tanned and supple, and it should not be fixed too closely down on the saddle pin. If you get a saddle of this description it is not necessary to bother much about doctoring the leather.

Some riders are very fond of oiling the underside of the leather to make it sweeter, but with a well-made article this sort of thing is quite unnecessary.

A Puncture Clamp.

Everyone who has attempted to mend a puncture has experienced the annoyance which occurs when the patch, after having been solutioned and pressed down over the puncture, starts curling up at the edges. To hold it in position is always a difficult thing, moreover a tiresome one owing to the length of time it has to be pressed down before the solution completely adheres. To remedy this a very useful little clamp has been introduced which can be slipped over the tube and patch, and then sprung over so as to hold the latter in position whilst the solution is drying. The price of these clamps is only 1s. 6d., and as they take up very little room in the tool-bag they should prove very popular.

A. R. W.

MOTOR CYCLES.

N.S.U., 3 h.p.; two speeds, free engine magneto; good order; new tyres. Nearest £15.—Harry Wiles, 43, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot.

4 h.p. Minerva Duco side-car. £15. No offers.—12, Nightingale Square, Balham.

Bradbury, 1911, 3½-h.p., free engine, £14.—Motor Box 24, "Modern Man" Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Rex, 6-h.p., twin, and accessories, in good running order, £30.—Motor Box 25, "Modern Man" (as above).

Minerva and side-car, 6-h.p., magneto, and spares, £35.—Motor Box 26, "Modern Man" (as above).

Bat J.A.P., 8-h.p., Whittle belt, £47.—Motor Box 27, "Modern Man" (as above).

N.S.U., 1911, magneto, spring forks, new lamp, £24.—Motor Box 28, "Modern Man" (as above).

Scott, 1912, new back tyre, splendid bargain, £35.—Motor Box 29, "Modern Man" (as above).

2¼-h.p. Chater-Lea motor cycle in good order, accumulator, trembler, nearest £10.—Rawlings, 40, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

CYCLES.

Gent's 23 in. New Hudson; Armstrong Three-Speed, 55-72-95; Brooks, Dunlops; as new; cost £9 9s.; offers.—Cycle Box 9, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gent's Royal Ormond; free-wheel; two brakes; good condition. £2.—W. W. Broadley, 14, Greenlaw Grove, Burley, Leeds.

1911 Premier; 24-in. frame; first-class condition; two new covers. £3 10s.—H. Young, Long Street, Sherborne.

Lady's Cycle; Eadie Coaster and front rim-brakes; good condition. £3.—Call after 7 p.m.—Cole, 43c, Grand Parade, Harringay, N.

Gent's Cycle; almost new; 24-in. frame; for sale. £2.—F. Stowell, 165, Middleton Road, Oldham.

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

Rapid Physical Development

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Dumb-Bell Exercises.

A correspondent asks me to give some more dumb-bell exercises, and I have pleasure in complying with his request.

In regard to the weight of dumb-bells on which point my correspondent also asks for information, this depends on individual strength. The common tendency is to use unduly heavy bells, under the mistaken impression that they will necessarily increase the strength.

Still, a grown man is not likely to derive much benefit from bells less than 5lbs. in weight while an exceptional man may use 20lbs. bells with safety and benefit.

I should say that 10lb. bells will be right for a man of average strength and development. Now for the exercises.

Lunging.

Stand with the bells at the shoulder, left foot about eighteen inches in front of the right. Now strike out hard and quickly with the left arm, following with the right, and so on alternately. In this exercise the feet are kept stationary.

Next perform this movement, striking out with both arms at once.

Finally, strike with the left arm, at the same time stepping in with the left leg, alternating by striking with right arm, but continuing to step in with left leg.

These movements develop triceps, serratus magnus, and quadriceps extensors.

The triceps, as you know, lies at the back of the upper arm, but what about the other two muscles named? The serratus magnus muscle, or rather, muscles lie in the side of the chest and just below the arm pit, while the quadriceps extensors are to be found at the back of the forearm.

Correspondents have asked me more than once to give a chart of the masculine frame, showing the names and positions of the most important muscles.

It is not altogether easy to reproduce such a chart, but with the editor's co-operation, I hope to do so next week.

Bone Forming Foods.

T.J.T. (South Shields) asks for a list of bone forming edibles.

Scotsmen are notoriously a big, strong boned race, and so here we may with advantage study the Scotsman's dietary.

Statistics show that the Scot does not eat so much meat as the Saxon. This may be partly a matter of economy, but is more probably due to the fact that the Scot realises that meat is a somewhat wasteful article of food. That is the amount of nourishment in beef is small compared with the nourishment in, say, an egg.

For goodness sake, however, don't think that I am advocating vegetarianism. A varied diet is essential to health and strength, and the European, I am convinced, requires a certain amount of meat.

Meat is not a great bone-former, at least not when cooked. On the other hand, small quantities of raw meat, chopped very fine, are good for bone.

To return to the Scotsman's diet, I don't mean the Scot of a big city like Glasgow, but him of the countryside—he lives chiefly on oatmeal, eggs, milk, cream, and fish, and there you have the essential bone-formers.

Eggs are particularly rich in that great bone-former, phosphorus, but, of course, eaten to excess, they cause biliousness.

I can also recommend lentils, and, in fact, most of the cereals.

Nuts and celery are good for bone, but potatoes are not.

Among fish, the Scotsman's Loch Fyne herring is not to be beaten.

Cream is first-rate for the weak-boned.

My correspondent also asks me to recommend bone-formers in the way of patent foods.

I am not in the habit of recommending patent foods, for I think we weaken our stomachs by eating too much of predigested foods, thus depriving the stomach of the exercise it needs, but I can honestly testify to the bone-forming virtues of Virol.

I cannot say that I have had occasion to use it myself, but I have seen it work wonders in the case of a ricketty child—rickets, of course, is due to weak bones—and I have no doubt it would benefit the adults who lack, one reason or another—probably on account of deficiency of phosphorus and lime salts in the diet—has soft weak bones.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.S. (Belfast).—We should advise you to change your trainer. It is a mistake to drink milk that has been kept overnight. Eggs and milk, even when the latter is perfectly fresh, is apt to make some persons bilious, more especially when taken first thing in the morning. The best time for egg and milk is about half-way between breakfast and the mid-day meal.

J.M. (Macclesfield).—A persistent cough is not necessarily a sign of consumption. It may easily be due to a disordered liver. But you should certainly see a doctor without delay.

WEAK (Blackpool).—Your failure is evidently due to lack of self-reliance. The course taught by the St. Settef Institute (Dept. M:), Perth, N.B., will give you self control and confidence in yourself.

BERNARD (Shepherd's Bush).—Headache is frequently due to eye-strain. Consult a doctor. He will be able at least to tell you whether there is anything the matter with your eyes, and, if so, you should then be thoroughly examined by an oculist.

A.F.W. (Birmingham).—Four miles an hour is good walking over any considerable distance. If you can keep that up for 20 miles you have nothing to be ashamed of.

W.D. (Chatham).—For the troublesome and persistent sweating under the armpits you might try having the hair there shaved.

WALKER (Ealing).—Have your stockings made of pure wool, and with a separate stall for the big toe.

"MODERN MAN" RECOMMENDATIONS

In his "Answers to Correspondents," in "Modern Man" (August 10th), the Physical Culture Expert writes:—BRAIN (Portsmouth).—For development of will-power apply The St. Settef Institute (Dept. 61), Perth, N.B."

The following is an Editorial notice which apeared in "Modern Man" of June 8th, 1912:—"If you are desirous of developing your Will-Power and Personality—and what truly ambitious man is not?—you will find The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (entered at Stationers' Hall) a regular boon.

"The four lessons which comprise the Course are very practical, interesting, and brightly written, while the exercises, besides being efficacious, possess the advantage of being simple, easily learned, and easily carried out. The fee for the whole Course is well within the reach of all our readers."

2s. 6d. covers the cost of the complete Course (four lessons with sets of exercises). **This is your total expenditure.** Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height two to three inches within three months, by means of special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height),

Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

MAN AND HIS MUSIC.

HOW IT INFLUENCES THE ENGLISHMAN.

There are very few men who will admit that they detest music, or that it has the same effect upon them as it has on the average dog, who howls down a street organ or a prima-donna with equal disgust.

Though there are many who are fain to confess that they cannot distinguish one tune from another. The average Englishman is no musician, but a stirring march, an entrancing waltz and a sentimental song can usually fetch him every time.

Effects on Temperaments.

Music has a different effect on different temperaments. One man likes a violin and another cares only for the 'cello. In the breast of a lad a jew's harp can evoke pleasures to which the organ man is deaf and cold. There was Simpkins, for instance; he'd sit for hours listening to Jones, who has not a particle of a voice, singing the latest music hall ditty. While there's Dunn, who spends all his leisure grinding out doleful hymn tunes from a hired harmonium.

But a man's music is really as much a part of him as his clothes, his habits, his occupations.

You may judge a man's character by the music he likes best.

A man may not have a musical ear, but just watch him while a sentimental song is in full swing, and ten chances to one he is touched.

Cherished Associations.

Some chord vibrates in the man's heart either to the word or the melody. Joskins may tell you that he has no music in his soul, but wait until his chum gives a farewell supper party on the eve of his departure to a distant colony, and notice what Joskins looks like when "Auld Lang Syne" is sung just before daybreak, or the familiar "He's a jolly good fellow" resounds through the smoke-laden room. Joskins' hand is not so steady as usual as he raises his glass, and there's something in Joskins' eyes that keeps company with a huskiness in his voice.

"It's the music," Joskins owns up!

The English may not be a musical people as compared with other nations, but there are associations entwined with their national songs that are cherished by every Britisher.

Meet him out in the Australian bush, on the Canadian prairie, or the burning African veldt, and you will hear the old songs sung by the exiles with all the heartiness that characterised the singing at home.

The Music of Home.

Men who have grown hardened in sin would melt if some song familiar to them in earlier days is sung by some wandering minstrel of modern times. It may be silly as regards the words, meretricious as regards the tune, but it's the music of home, and that's enough for the listener.

The Great religious revivals in modern and ancient times owe more to music than they will concede.

The most worldly minded man, while he listens to the solemn strains of a grand organ in a dimly lighted fane and hears the cloistered choirs' sweet voices will admit that for the nonce he feels nearer heaven than he has done since he was a child saying his prayers at his mother's knee.

It wears off, but it is genuine and sincere enough while it lasts.

Unofficial Recruiting Sergeant.

Martial music has made many a soldier. A military band may be described as an unofficial recruiting sergeant. Listening to the strains of a spirited march a lad's pulses beat time, and, given the opportunity, Mars may count on another son. Even a drum and fife band makes a responsive echo.

And where's the Scot that is not thrilled by the skirl of the bag-pipes. To come back to sentimental songs—an old love tune before now has sent a faithless swain back to a deserted fair one. "Home, Sweet Home," sung badly to some poor cracked instrument in a miner's camp on a lonely ranch has turned the prodigal son back to his birthland and his father's house.

Point of Importance.

A man's music is indeed of some importance, and he is a queer sort of chap who has no tender, or jolly, or sad, or passionate memories associated with music.

Those happy, careless student days and drinking songs wild Dick Brown used to sing. Those days when we used to sing ourselves silly enough songs because Kate or Jessie wanted us to.

That day when the Dead March was played for someone we loved; solemn thoughts come trooping back from the shadows of the past as we recall the strains.

It is not classic music, nor is it played by a modern Mozart or Handel, that touches a man any more than it takes a prima-donna to sing the song that reaches the heart.

Making things Brighter.

"There's a Good Time Coming" has cheered up many a despairing soul whom a hymn would have left quite hopeless. You may not have an ear for music; you may not know one note from another; but you would find this old earth of ours a much more miserable place than it is if it were not for that which, for want of a better title, may be called just a man's music.

A. M. STEWART.

Lord Iveagh has a marked objection to wearing a hat when in pursuit of game, in fact, the way in which he adheres to it would almost make it appear that he attributes his success with the gun to this fact. On one occasion a certain distinguished guest was so surprised to see his lordship hatless in a pouring rain that he knotted his handkerchief at each corner and insisted in placing it upon his head!

SECRET OF MYSTERIOUS POWER REVEALED AT LAST.

How Prominent People Have Gained Wealth and Popularity.

Famous Hypnotist Perfects Simple Method that enables Anyone to Control Thoughts and Acts of others, Cure Disease and Habits without Drugs, and Read the Secret Desires of People though Thousands of Miles away.

Wonderful Book Describing this Strange Force and a Character Delineation Post Free to all who Write at Once.

The National Institute of Sciences has appropriated £5,000 toward a fund for the free distribution of Prof. Knowles' new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of Eastern Yogis, and explains a wonderful system for the development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, and the curing of diseases and habits without drugs. The subject of practical character reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away. The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book and character delineations indicate clearly the universal interest in Psychological and Occult Sciences.

"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of the people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:—

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look.
Please read my character
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), write plainly, and address your letter to: National Institute of Sciences, Dept. 89a, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. If you wish, you may enclose 6d. (stamps) to pay postage, etc.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

As I predicted, the new account has opened with a general rise in the price of stocks and shares.

* * *

I am pleased to learn from numerous readers that they have not only acted on my advice, but have had the common-sense to sell on top and thus secure good profits.

* * *

Home Rails especially have been buoyant, and my favourites—Districts, Great Eastern, and South Eastern def.—have been most prominent.

* * *

One of my readers writes to say: "I got my *Modern Man* last Saturday week, and I immediately instructed my broker to buy me two of S.E. def. on your advice, and I sold on the following Tuesday at 62¾, clearing just over £50 net profit." Good! I only hope many others have done the same.

* * *

Secure quick profits, do not wait too long, is my advice to all readers just now.

* * *

On any re-action among Home Rails, I strongly urge all who can afford it to buy Districts, South Eastern def. and Great Easterns.

* * *

Great Easterns are well worth locking up for some time as a sound speculative investment, but of the first mentioned take a one or two point profit every time.

* * *

While I think of it, I want to recommend my readers with a little to invest to buy Exploring Land and Minerals.

* * *

It is a small priced share, present quotation about 6s. 6d., and is a market tip for a few shillings rise. I will give you the name of a reliable broker if necessary.

* * *

The blaze in oil has already started, as I prophesied; we cannot look for the big flare until the holiday season is over, but now is the time to get in, and I strongly urge my readers to do so.

* * *

I shall be pleased to answer any enquiries and suggest the shares most likely to be prominent for the rise. State the amount you are prepared to invest and if you want the name of a broker.

* * *

Do not forget Exploring Land and Minerals. You risk little, but stand to gain a lot.

* * *

The Grand Trunk report was favourable, the full dividend being paid on the second pref. The weekly traffics still show substantial increases, and the third prefs. are a good buy.

* * *

I am still of the opinion that rubber shares will prove a good market this autumn, and a safe share for my readers to speculate in is Chersonese. The shares are being bought from the East, and there is likely to be a 10 per cent. dividend.

* * *

You should instruct your broker to buy you some Exploring Land and Minerals now, and sell when others are buying on top.

* * *

I have repeatedly mentioned that Anglo-Continentals are likely to be the big gamble of the Tin market again, and it seems they are already at work, for at the time of writing the shares stand at 30s.

* * *

Among Tins, Rayfield are the best; Naraguta are still tipped higher, but for my small investors N. Nigeria Bauchi Ord., Jos, Lucky Chance and Keffi Tin are a safe deal, and likely to appreciate many shillings per share.

* * *

Do not touch Emba Caspians; it is capitalised at a ridiculous figure, and the shares are bound to drop heavily.

I have continually recommended Cements in the Industrial market, and they are now quoted 15s. better than when I suggested a purchase. The Ord. are £— [illegible] price £6 10s., and now the dock strike is over should go higher.

* * *

Another Industrial worth attention is the National Car Company. The company now has 6[illegible] London streets, and I cannot help feeling the [illegible] doing well, and the shares likely to see a much better figure. Remember the L.G.O.C.

* * *

George Newnes shares are now 8s. 6d., which [illegible] equal to 9s. 6d., a rise of 1s. 6d. since I advised you to buy.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

J.G. (Brentwood).—Invest your £20 in Exploring Land and Minerals.

R.C. (Manchester).—I should leave Americans at present price, unless you are prepared to take them up.

SIMPLETON.—Sell your Emba Caspians and Long Venture, and buy Premier Oil Pipe Line and Exploring Land and Minerals.

W.M. (Liverpool).—I cannot recommend Red Sea Oil fields.

C.J. (Southampton).—Mexican Eagle Pref. are a big gamble and likely to go much better this autumn.

H.J. (Brighton).—You can buy Districts with safety. The traffic return shows an increase. In fact there is a big future here. Messrs. Speyer Bros. are handling the Undergrounds.

C.B. (Clapham).—Thanks for your congratulations. I am glad you made a profit. Buy a few Exploring Land and Minerals.

H.S. (Wood Green).—Don't touch mines. You can do much better in the Oil Market.

G.M. (London).—I have heard a lot of funny things about Margett Tyres. Send me all the correspondence, and I will advise you what to do.

S.E. (Sydenham).—Little Chats are at a [illegible] price. We shall want to hear a lot more about Kent [illegible] before you can ever dream of them as an investment.

H.W. (Chelsea).—Marconi are very dangerous [illegible] just now. They are no longer being taken in hand [illegible] Stock Exchange.

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CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

M.S. (Belfast).—Asks "on which finger it is correct for an unmarried lady, without any intention of marrying, to wear a ring?"

Give it up, though an engagement ring is usually worn on the third finger of the left hand. It is a debatable point whether an unmarried woman, who has (or says she has) no intention of marrying, ought to wear a large tin kettle round her neck or a ring through her nose.

M.S. adds: "Perhaps you would also say what you consider the most suitable kind, costing about three or four guineas."

SQUAT (Hampstead).—Don't worry. There is a cure, full particulars of which may be obtained from Arthur Girvan, (Dept. M), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

Subject to the foregoing qualification, we should recommend a gold ring with a row of small pearls.

Trust her not, M.S. A widow is usually a man-hater compared with the unmarried woman who says she has no intention of marrying.

R.A.M. (South Hampstead).—Asks us to recommend a cheap hotel in the country. Our experience of country hotels is that they are generally infernally dear.

J.R.C. (Molesey).—You are wrong. Rent is legally due within 24 hours of the day it becomes due, and the landlord may distrain at the expiration of that period.

On the other hand, the landlord cannot retake possession of the house under 21 days from rent day. Nice cheerful subject in these hard times!

B.F. (Whitehaven).—Sorry cannot tell you where to dispose of your old coat. Why not have same cleaned and repaired by the National Tailoring Co., 144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.?

HARRY L. (Liverpool).—The fees at public schools vary, but so far as there is an average, £120 a year would be about it. This should include all "extras" in which respect the public school headmaster is apt to be as conscienceless as a certain type of holiday landlady.

MISS A.M. (Canterbury).—A young unmarried lady does not usually have a visiting card of her own, but has her name printed on her mother's cards. This, however, does not apply to the so-called "bachelor girl."

B.G.F. (Colchester).—Certainly an amateur Rugby player may be insured against accident by his club.

D.K. (Clovelly).—The *Daily Mail* National Golf Tournament, which has proved such a ghastly fiasco, was instituted because Lord Northcliffe has become a convert to the game. No doubt when his lordship takes to playing marbles in his old age there will be a *Daily Mail* National Marbles Tournament with a gold cup, value £50,000, to the winner.

HARRY F. (Bolton).—Purely a matter of taste. Best plan is to choose your own tobacco, and use A.G. cigarette paper.

J.McC. (Leicester).—Unless you wish to make yourself a laughing-stock, do not leave your wife's cards when calling on a regimental mess. Leave two of your own cards—one for the colonel and one for the officers of the regiment.

FRANK (Ramsgate).—Unlike a professional footballer, a professional cricketer pays all his own expenses, so that his £5 or £6 a match is not so much as it seems.

C.H.M. (Malvern).—At the present moment public whist drives are illegal, but the law is not uniformly enforced. Better consult the Chief Constable of your district.

BOOK-KEEPER (Durham).—The International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., Kingsway, London, have a quick book-keeping course.

G.H. (Hull).—A boy enlisting in the Army is trained either in the band or in one of the regimental workshops, where he will be taught a trade. On reaching 18 he has the choice of remaining in the band or at his trade—in both cases, if efficient—or of serving as an ordinary soldier.

W.McB. (Dublin).—Is at Trinity College, Dublin. Recently he caught his servant wearing a pair of his—W. McB.'s—trousers When reproached the rascal said, "Begob! Its the first toime they've had a man's legs inside av them." A clear case of adding insult to injury, begob!

C.P. (Brixton).—W. H. O. Steer is, we believe, quite recovered of his last year's injuries and will be seen in the Chelsea van in their opening match of this season.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Emily: Why are you waving your handkerchief?

Angelina: Since papa has forbidden Tom the house we have arranged a code of signals.

Emily: What is it?

Angelina: When he waves his handkerchief five times that means "Do you love me?" And when I wave frantically in reply, it means "Yes, darling."

Emily: And how do you ask other questions?

Angelina: We don't. That's the whole code.

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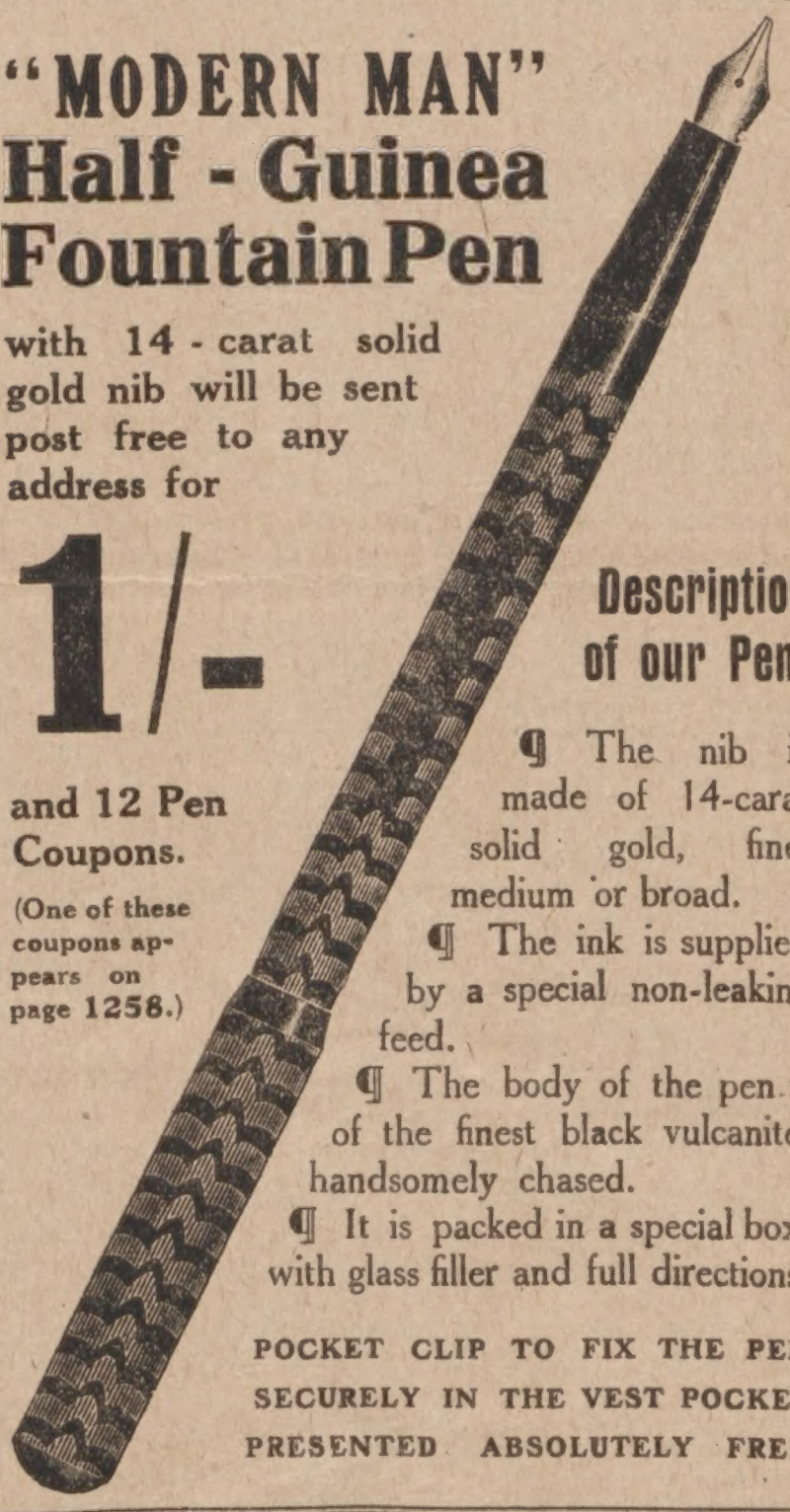

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When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a postal order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," MODERN MAN Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE WEEK'S RACING.

RUNNERS, THEIR FORM, AND SELECTIONS.

By THE "OLD HAND."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

Nothing of a very startling nature is likely to take place in the racing world before Doncaster comes round, when the last of the classics will be decided, and we shall be afforded a last chance of determining whether or not our three-year-olds are quite so bad as they are made out to be.

Lomond's Chance.

In the ordinary course of events, the race should be won by some outsider we have not previously heard of, but we are at least entitled to look to this event to provide the exception which prove the rule, and expect one of the more prominent candidates to take the spoils.

Providing all goes well with Lomond he will probably start favourite. He acquitted himself very well in his last public trial, when only half fit, he ran the smart Etheric to a head, giving him 10lbs. That in itself is quite good enough to point to his chance.

We cannot take it for granted that he will get the distance, but with one or two exceptions, a like remark applies to the others, so that all have to be taken on trust.

One notable exception is Tracery, who since running third in the Derby has not looked back, and he continues to please the critics. Another that is favourably spoken of by the "watchers" is Catmint.

Entitled to Every Respect.

Being a big colt with a far-reaching stride, the course should suit him to a nicety. He has already won over a distance of ground, beating Bellisle on one occasion, and Fantasio, Lorenzo, and others subsequently. Maiden Erlegh is described as the most improved animal of his age in training, and his performances this season certainly entitle him to every respect. Fantasio may get the course, but can hardly be expected to finish in front of Catmint, to say nothing of the others. I don't know why it is, but I always get stuck at White Star, and seem loth to pass him over, even in face of his disappointments this season.

To my way of thinking, he was as good as any of last season's juveniles, and there are possibilities that he may yet reproduce his best form.

Gone all to Pieces.

Tagalie seems to have gone all to pieces since her victory in the Derby, and will have to improve tremendously on her collateral running to have any chance. Pintadeau is doing plenty of good work, but, like Tagalie, has done nothing of note since running at Epsom; and though there is very little in it between him and Tracery on their running in the Derby, I would far rather take the latter to represent me now, much as I should like to shout the Royal colt home.

Preferment's Staying Ability.

A filly with an outside chance is Preferment, who has shown her staying ability on more than one occasion, and I expect her to be running on when most of the others are done with.

At present I like nothing better than Lomond, with whom, provided all goes well with him, I may couple White Star on the day of the race.

Not the least important fixture this week is the Champion Sprint at Hurst Park. One looks in vain for some of the horses that should be entered in this event, notably Great Surprise, but the field will no doubt be a fairly representative one. Of the top weights, I like nothing better than Borrow, whilst lower down in the handicap we come to Orsover, who must have a chance. I think the race will be won by one of these two.

WOLVERHAMPTON—Monday.
Welter Handicap: KEMPNOUGH.
Thorneycroft Selling Handicap: MISSPELT.
Breeders' Foal Plate: CUTHBERT.

Tuesday.
Hinley Juvenile Selling Plate: SMALL TALK.
Dudley Plate: ABSOLUTE.
Staffordshire Breeders' Foal Plate: RAZORBANK.
Bradford Handicap: HOLTS PRIDE.
Stevens Memorial Welter: SEA WATER.

STOCKTON—Tuesday.
Trial All-Aged Selling Plate: BATTLE AXE.
Wynyard Plate: CHICKWEED.
Stockton Handicap: ETHERIC.
Harry Fowler Welter: SIR RAYMOND.

Wednesday.
County Stand Handicap: BUCKSTEAD.
Stockton Stewards Handicap: NEWMARKET.
Hardwick Stakes: CHICKWEED.

Thursday.
Middlesbrough Welter Handicap: WELL DONE.
Wilton Welter Handicap: SUCCOUR.

BATH—Wednesday.
Bath Handicap: TARA.
Sprint Handicap: VESTA.

Thursday.
Mile-and-a-Half Selling Handicap: BUNCH O' KEYS.
Dodington Welter Handicap: ORMUS.
Grosvenor Three-Year-Old Handicap: SIR JOSH.

HURST PARK—Friday.
August Handicap: QUANTOCK.
Earlsfield Welter Handicap: YORKSHIRE HUSSAR.

Saturday.
Vyner Handicap: ST. VITUS.
Walton Handicap: THE POLICEMAN.

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SARTORIAL SWANKS.

In a recent issue of the *Daily Mirror* Mr. W. K. Haselden had an amusing cartoon dealing with what I may call "sartorial swank," as personified in the horseless horseman who parades the sea front attired in complete riding costume, including formidable spurs, but is never seen on a horse; the yachtless yachtsman; the motorless motorist; and others. A trifle exaggerated perhaps, but like all Mr. Haselden's work containing more than a grain of truth to human nature.

There are other sartorial swankers abroad just now. Among them there is the grouse-moorless shot. He parades about in an elaborate shooting jacket, with a leather padded right shoulder, and a grouse's feather stuck in his hat.

There is also the piscatorial swanker. In his cap are stuck salmon flies of various kinds, but if you asked him he could not tell you the difference between a Jock Scott and a Silver Doctor.

This sort of affectation is harmless enough, and probably deceives nobody, and I willingly admit that the man who does a lot of shooting generally has a piece of leather let into his shooting shoulder, while a cap is by no means a bad place for carrying a fly or two when you are fishing.

But your genuine sportsman does not seek to advertise his sporting proclivities in ordinary life, any more than other well-bred men seek to advertise their professions or callings when "off duty." In short, sporting togs should not be worn except when you are actually engaged in sport, or going or returning from it.

A MOURNING QUESTION.

T. J. R. (Manchester), to whom I have replied direct, raises a question of some general interest. He has been invited to attend the funeral of an aunt by marriage. The only "dress" garment he possesses is a dark grey frock coat. He inquires whether he may wear this, or should he get a black coat?

It is rather a nice question. Thirty years ago a black coat would have been obligatory, but we have laxer, and, perhaps, more common-sense notions about mourning nowadays.

Moreover, I gather that the expense of a new coat would be a matter of some importance to my correspondent. Then, the deceased is not a near blood relative. Therefore, I am inclined to say that T. J. R. need not go to the expense of a black coat.

The next question is whether, with his grey coat, he should wear his black evening dress trousers or his everyday ones, which are of dark grey striped? Here I shall give my vote for his everyday garment, though strictly speaking black trousers should be worn at a funeral.

Finally, T. J. R. asks whether he need purchase black gloves, or will they be provided for him. It is customary to provide general guests with mourning bands and black gloves, but it is also customary for the mourners to arrive provided with their own black gloves. On the other hand, they need not provide themselves with mourning bands.

T. J. R. does not raise the point, but I may add for general information, that while every mourner is invited as a matter of course to return to the deceased's home after the funeral service, social usage now demands that the invitation should be politely declined.

This rule does not apply to very near relatives of the deceased, or to a person who is specially asked to attend the reading of a will in which he is interested. In the latter case, however, the beneficiary is usually informed beforehand by the solicitors who drew up the will.

WATCH CHAINS.

Oddly enough, my next query deals with a legacy of a gold watch.

My correspondent "Watch Chain" (Edgbaston), has been left a gold watch, but no chain with it, and he frankly informs me that he cannot afford to buy a gold one—what sort of chain should he wear?

Imitation jewellery is hateful, and the mark of a bounder, so that rules out a "rolled gold" chain. Silver watch chains are quite out of fashion. Moreover, they suggest a silver watch, and are apt to make people think that the gold watch, when produced, is a sham.

I should recommend a plain lip-strap (leather) chain.

GRAY ON BILLIARDS.

There isn't a man breathing who plays billiards who would not like to improve his game. That keen spirit of rivalry that is so essentially British is probably at its strongest in billiards. And after watching a professional billiard player make his hundreds easily and swiftly, how small and puny seem our efforts to make even a twenty break.

Most of those who have been privileged to see Gray play his marvellous red losing game must have thought how easy it all was, only to find on attempting the same shots that the ease was the player's, not the stroke.

However, there is always hope for improvement. Gray has been induced to tell us all how it is done, and in "Gray on Billiards" (published at 1s.), he plainly and clearly gives us directions whereby if we have the patience to practice and the necessary knack, we may become his rivals. It's simply a matter of knowing how—and Gray tells us that—and practice, plus practice plus practice.

Every billiard player should read this wonderful book, and the opportunity now comes of being able to obtain a copy for nothing. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., of Accrington—the celebrated billiard table makers, upon one of whose tables Gray made all his records in this country—have secured the whole of the edition, and will send a copy to any of our readers who send two penny stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. As the issue cannot be reprinted, application should be made at once.

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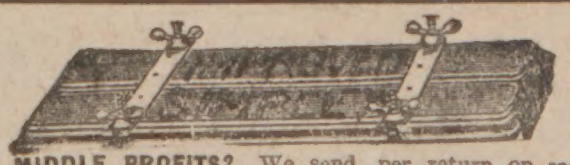

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Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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"I have gained in self-confidence and physical health and vigour since wearing your Belt, and I can say with perfect safety it is worth pounds to me," writes Mr. E. Ringwood, Pond Cottages, Herringfleet, near Lowestoft.

"I feel 15 years younger."

"I can honestly say your M gneto Belt has made a new man of me, bodily and physically. I feel as though I was fifteen years younger; and I am now 42 years of age," writes Mr. Thomas Thompson, of 12, Regent Street, Sunderland Road, Gateshead.

"My vital energy has increased."

"Since wearing your Magnetic Belt my nerves are better and my Vital Energy has greatly increased. The longer I wear your Belt, the more I prove its value," writes Mr. J. Foxhall, of 37, Spring-street, Lye, Stourbridge.

"Rheumatics have nearly gone."

"From the first day I put on your Belt, I felt great benefit from it, and I am glad to say the Rheumatics have nearly gone, and I only have them now in my feet, which are getting better every day," writes Mrs. R. Cooper, of 6, Alma Street, Wolverhampton.

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NOTE. I DO NOT charge you £5 5 0 for my "Magneto Belt." My price is only 5/-, and you pay me only 1/- now for 7 days' personal trial of its wonderful worth to you. My offer is a fair one, isn't it? Tear out and send me the accompanying Coupon and Postal Order for the first 1/- to-day, and you will ever after feel as thankful as others that you called Nature's wonderful strengthening force of Magnetism to your aid.

☛ This is the "MAGNETO BELT."

7 DAYS' TRIAL COUPON.

☛ *Fill in, tear out, and send this Coupon to-day for* ☚

5/- 'Magneto Belt' for 1/-

Because my "Magneto" Belt has only to be tried to prove its wonderful worth, I am sending 20,000 out on 7 days' trial. Pay me only 1/- now and the balance (4/-) in weekly instalments to suit your convenience. Thus **you will be able to benefit by wearing the belt while paying for it.**

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Address .....

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The size of my waist is.....inches.

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